

The Sketch.



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Hop and Rosemary, 6/- Violet Oil, 3/6

ILEITA CREAM applied regularly to the skin keeps it in perfect condition; imparts the beauty of health rather than a mere artificial veneer. Price 2/9 & 4/6.

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in all sizes, textures, and
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adjustable sliding
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The Sketch

No. 1032.—Vol. LXXX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



MARIE COME UP—IN A NEW GOWN: THE ONE AND ONLY MARIE LLOYD
IN ONE OF HER LATEST SONGS.

The ever-popular Miss Marie Lloyd continues to appear, to the great delight of those who favour the music-halls. She holds a position that is unique; and one that has been well earned. None can deny that she thoroughly deserves that much-abused description "artiste."

Photograph by Langfier.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



The Prince's Corps.

The announcement that the Prince of Wales has joined the infantry contingent of the Officers' Training Corps at Oxford University calls up a battalion of memories. In my day—1893-97—we were not called an "Officers' Training Corps." Officially, we were the "Oxford University Rifle Volunteer Corps." Unofficially, we were the "Bug-Shooters."

I will not pretend that I was impelled to join by any lofty motives of patriotism. Two or three of my friends belonged to it, and they assured me that I should have a very good time, especially in camp. They also told me, candidly, that volunteering, though very popular at Cambridge, was sneered at in Oxford, so that a full muster could only produce about two hundred. That decided me. Anything so unpopular was good enough, and I quickly became the possessor of a rifle, a bayonet, a helmet, a red tunic, a white belt, a pair of dark blue trousers with thin red stripes down the outer seams, a pair of very short leggings, a swagger-stick, and a knapsack.

It required no little courage, I can tell you, to exhibit oneself before one's giggling fellows in that attire. One felt that the red tunic was horribly conspicuous, and it was. I believe that half the popularity of the Cambridge corps at that time was due to their neat grey uniform with light-blue facings.

The Patent-Leathered Soldier.

Our numbers being so small, the authorities could not be very particular about the exact qualifications of recruits. Quite one-third of the corps wore glasses. One delightful person I shall never forget. We were off to Cambridge for a field day, and had to parade at the Drill Hall fairly early. In the excitement of the occasion, this outh, who was a particularly weedy type, with very long, lank hair, rned up on parade in buttoned patent-leather boots, his belt stened at the side, and his helmet hind before. He had actually urchd through the streets in that condition! Our Adjutant, a y patient man, who was really trying to make something of this nge little mob of people, lost his temper for once as his eyes fell ve grotesque figure I have described.

"Good Scott!" he cried, coming to a sudden halt in front of t. "Who the dickens told you to turn up in patent-leather And what have you done with your belt and your helmet? ou ... disgrace to the Corps, Sir! Fall out and go back to bed!"

Memorable Battles.

That field day at Cambridge! We had the Bedford Cadet Corps as our allies, and the Cambridge people had the assistance of the Suffolk Yeomanry. Our officers conceived the idea of detaining us some four miles from Cambridge, and making a detour in order to catch the enemy in the rear. In the meantime, the Bedford boys would keep them engaged.

All this would, no doubt, have worked out well and redounded to our credit but for one thing—we lost our way. How we marched, lugging along those heavy Martini rifles! Morning gave way to afternoon, and afternoon to dusk. Reports reached us that the Bedford boys had been smashed to atoms by the Cambridge Gatling guns, and had gone home to tea. For ourselves, we were still four miles from Cambridge, and saw no chance of food.

The Adjutant, to compensate us for our fruitless trudge, hit upon a bright notion. He divided us into two parties, and let us blaze off some twelve rounds of blank cartridges at each other! I have never been sure whether to regard that act as tact or cynicism. He was full of cynical humour, as well he might have been.

I remember another field day nearer home. I had a white

handkerchief tied round my arm, in order to show to which party I belonged, and was told that I represented twenty men. We were skirmishing in very "open order"—so much so that I found myself all alone in a ploughed field. Seeing two of the enemy on the other side of the hedge, I suddenly sprang upon them, took them prisoners, and we all sat down to enjoy a quiet cigarette.

Presently, the Adjutant came riding up. We rose to our feet and saluted. (We were always very good at saluting. We saluted anybody and everybody on the slightest pretext.)

"What's the meaning of this?" shouted the Adjutant. "What are you fellows slacking here like this for?"

"I've taken these men prisoners, Sir," I explained.

"Oh, you have, have you? Well, what about it? Put 'em up against the hedge and shoot 'em! And then get back to your own side!"

That was the afternoon, by the way, when, being taken with an attack of faintness, I drove back to Oxford at the back of a smart dog-cart driven by the Adjutant's extremely pretty wife. "Eh," shouted the yokels as we bowled through the villages, "'e's got best on it!" Which I had, of course.

Merely the Wrong Target.

We used to send some fine marksmen to Bisley, but most of the shooting, I fear, was not of a Bisley order. I scraped into the first-class, but I nearly killed a marker. This was not exactly my fault. The man firing next to me took it into his head to fire at my target. Luck was with him, for he scored a bull. The marker came out to signal the bull, and I, at that moment, also fired at my own target. Fortunately, the marker knew better than to step from behind his mantlet when the "University gents" were firing. This little incident cost me a great quantity of beer the next time we went into camp. The markers were all there. They used to come with us to clean our boots!

In Camp.

Camp was splendid fun. I have never had such fun anywhere as I had as a Volunteer in camp. To begin with, we looked after ourselves well. The Government grant was, I think, twelve shillings a head. To this we added one pound each, thus ensuring late dinner every night, a band to play to us while we ate, splash-baths in the shrubberies, and other little luxuries of that sort.

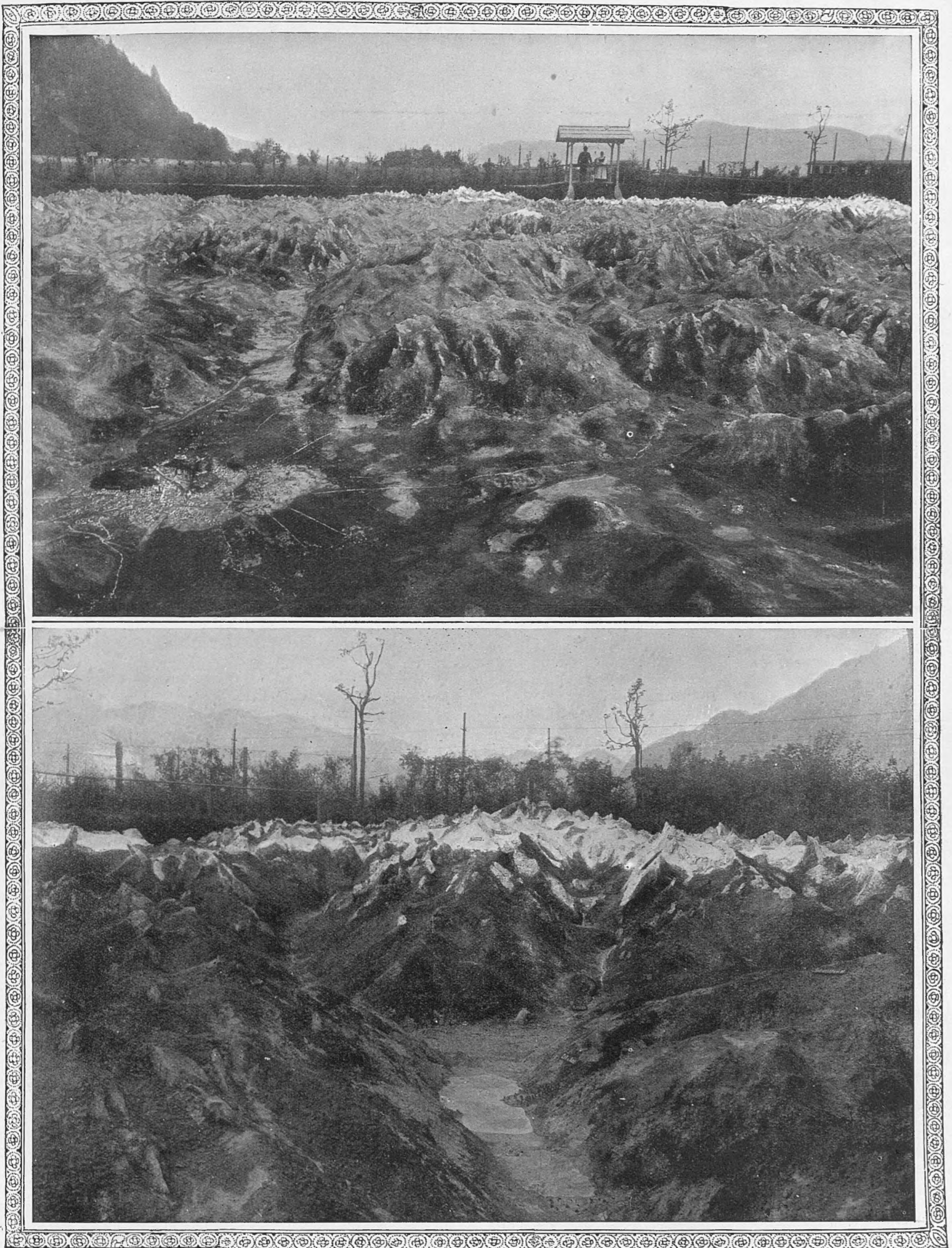
The Adjutant got a lot of quiet amusement out of camp, though he did his best to make us feel and behave like soldiers. Once he lectured us on the foolish excuses that were given for leave from camp. (We used to camp out at Headington, in the park of the late Colonel Morrell.)

"When you're in camp," said the Adjutant, "I want every man to realise that he is a soldier, and to behave as a soldier. I don't like these constant applications for leave of absence to go into Oxford. A man this morning came to me for leave to go into Oxford. 'What for?' I asked. 'To get a shave, Sir,' he said. Just fancy a soldier asking for a pass out of camp to go and get a shave!"

On arrival in camp, one of our first cares was to dig a huge circle, about thirty yards in diameter. In the centre of this, each night, we made a bonfire; a piano was dragged from the marquee into the firelight, and a "sing-song" was carried on until ten o'clock or thereabouts. When I attained to the rank of sergeant, it was my duty to organise this concert. We would open with "The Roast Beef of Old England," sung by the Colonel, and degenerate into a comic song with personal allusions.

But those gay days are over. Let the nation take heart!

A GIANT RELIEF: CEMENT MOUNTAINS AND PORCELAIN TOWNS.



REACHING A HEIGHT OF $6\frac{1}{2}$ FEET; 244 FEET LONG; AND 130 FEET BROAD: A REMARKABLE MODEL OF SALZBURG AND THE MOUNTAINS ABOUT IT.

This great relief of Salzburg and its district was begun by the sculptor Herr Pörnbacher in 1905, and has just been finished by him. The mountains are of cement, and various natural stones are also used. Towns and villages are of porcelain. The semblance of meadows, forests, lakes, and so on has been gained by the use of paint. The cost of the work was 50,000 kronen (about £2083). Salzburg town is eighty-five miles east-north-east of Innsbruck. Mozart was born there.—[Photographs by Elisabeth Stoeckl.]

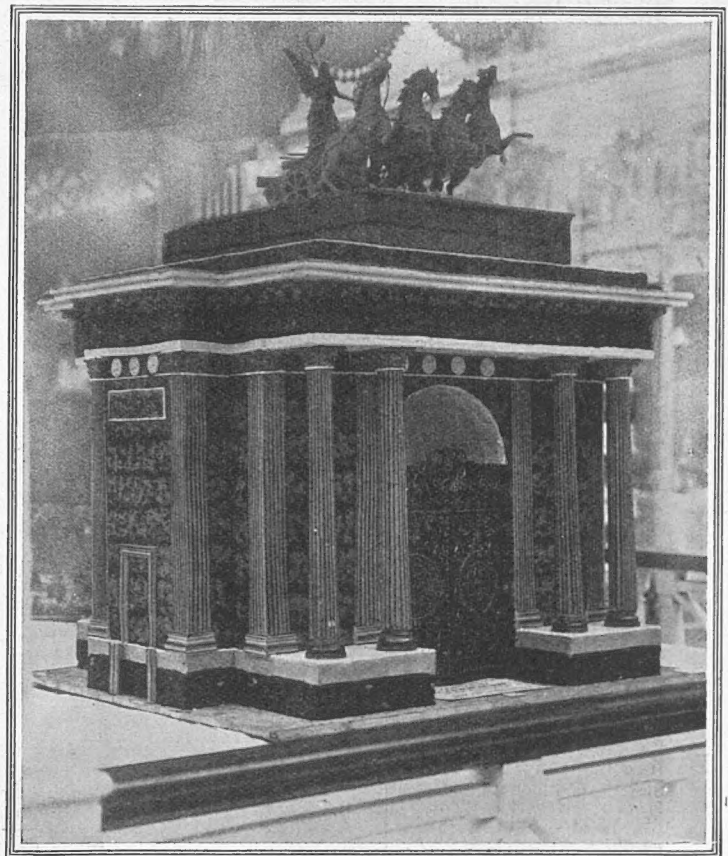
♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



DRESSED AS THE "TAILOR AND CUTTER" WOULD NO DOUBT HAVE IT: A LOBSTER AT THE FOOD AND COOKERY EXHIBITION.

Even the exacting sartorial critics of the "Tailor and Cutter" could hardly find fault with the dressing of this lobster. He is even more immaculately attired than his brother of the "Lobster Quadrille" in "Alice in Wonderland."

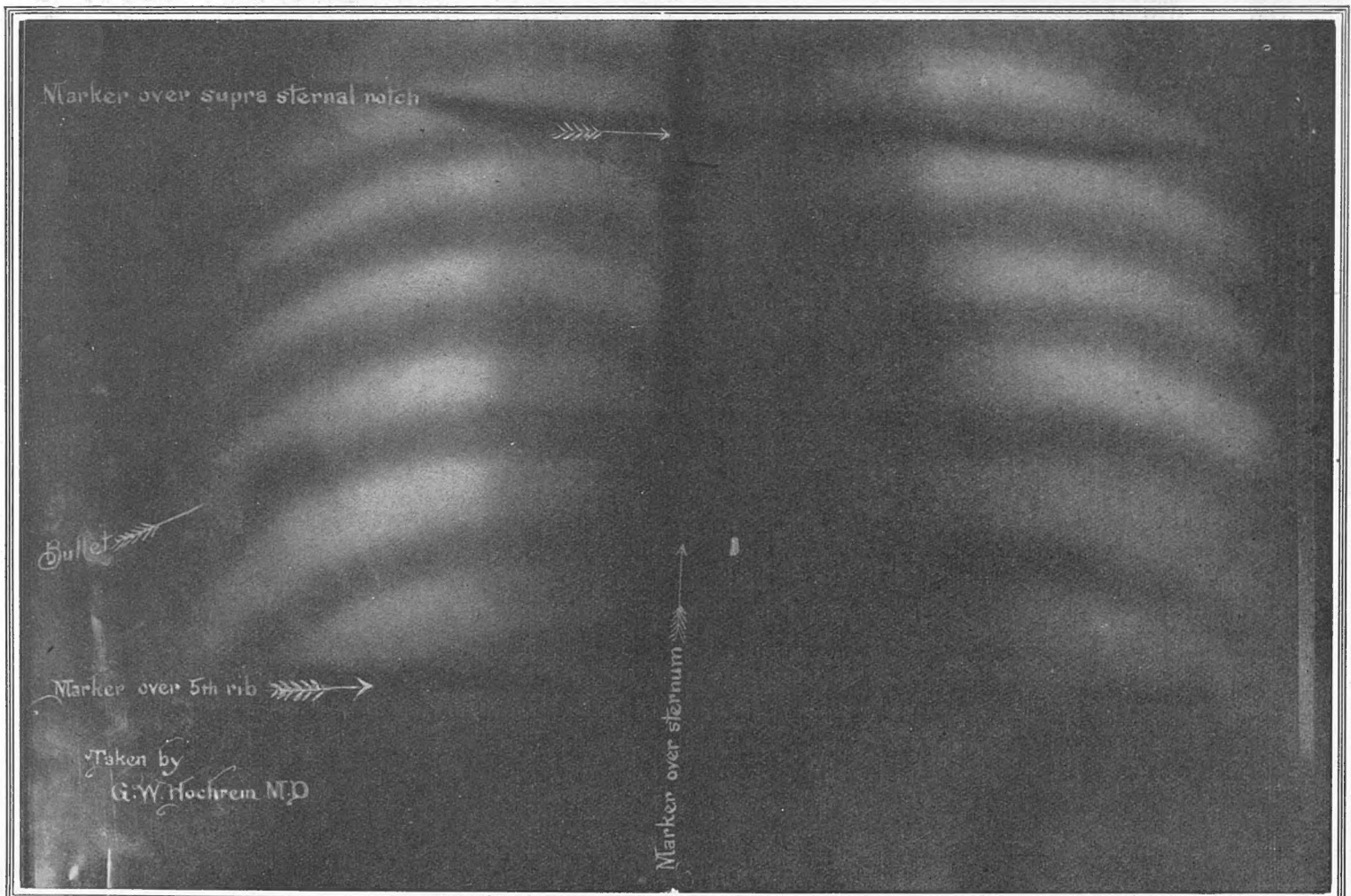
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



A THING OF CAKE AND SUGAR: THE RECENTLY ERECTED QUADRIGA MODELLED AT THE FOOD AND COOKERY EXHIBITION.

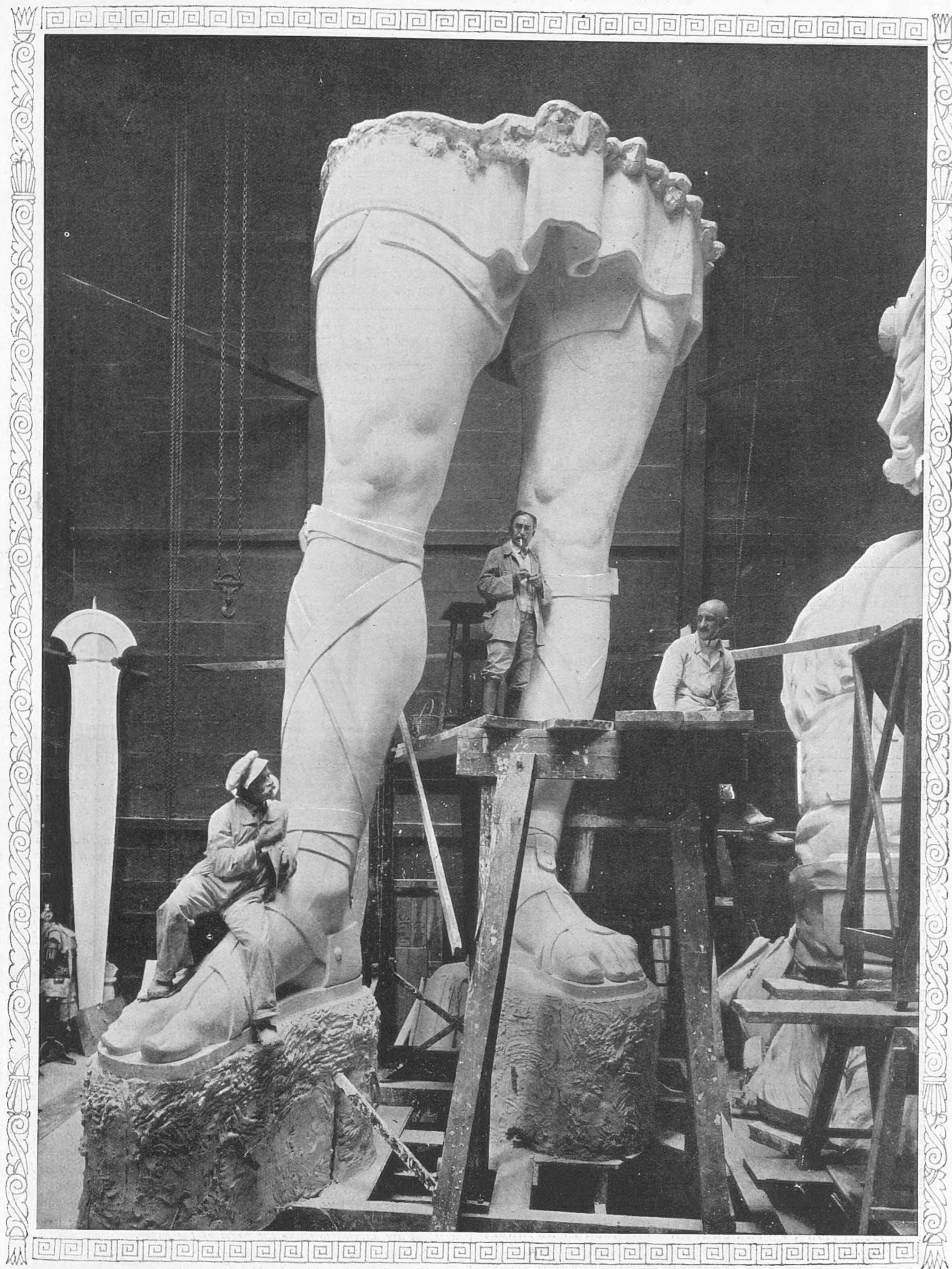
Those who have admired the new quadriga at the top of Constitution Hill will be interested to see this photograph of a replica thereof in cake and sugar. In this case, one may say without a suspicion of gush, "Isn't it sweet!"

Photograph by Topical.



THE BULLET IN THE BULL-MOOSE: AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHEST, SHOWING POSITION OF THE SHOT. Every bullet finds its billet, but not all bullets obtain such distinguished and historic lodging as that which found its way into Mr. Roosevelt's chest at Milwaukee from the pistol of his crazy assailant. The above X-ray photograph shows the exact position of the shot, which remained in his body all the time that he made his famous speech just after the attempt on his life.—[Photograph by Thompson.]

MAKING A GREAT HERO: WORK ON AN IMPERIAL GIFT.



PART OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PRESENT TO NORWAY: THE LEGS OF THE FRITHJOF STATUE.

A gigantic statue of Frithjof, the great Norwegian hero who is the subject of a famous Icelandic Saga, which relates his adventures and is assigned to the thirteenth century, is being presented to Norway by the German Emperor, to commemorate his Imperial Majesty's twenty-fifth cruise to the Land of the Midnight Sun, and is to be set up next year on a peninsula of the Sogne Fjord. It is by Herr Max Unger. That the German Emperor might judge it, a "life-size" model of the monument was set up in Norway in the middle of this year.—[*Photograph by Reinh. Lissner.*]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15, **DRAKE**, a play in 3 acts, by Louis N. Parker.
Produced by SIR HERBERT TREE, in conjunction with the Author.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

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GEORGE ALEXANDER and ETHEL IRVING
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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153rd PERFORMANCE.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER and VIOLET VANBRUGH.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE every WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' production—
A Musical Play, **THE SUNSHINE GIRL.** MAT. every SAT. at 2. Box-office 10 to 10.

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Unity More, Ivy St. Helier, Farren Soutar, Will Cromwell, Frank Boisset, and Robert Hale. Dillon Shallard Opera Trio, and Specially Selected Varieties.
Evenings at 8. Manager, Arthur Aldin.

PALLADIUM. Argyll Street, W. **CHARLES GULLIVER,**
MANAGING DIRECTOR. Always the best entertainment in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Admission from 6d. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s. MISS RUTH VINCENT, THE POLUSKIS, GEORGE ROBEY, R. A. ROBERTS, Varieties, etc.

Amusement and Entertainment for Winter Evenings.

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THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.
ELECTRIC LIFT.
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By Ocean Yachting Steamer
"ARCADIAN,"

All Cabins fitted with 'Bedsteads instead of Berths.
Promenade Deck full length of Vessel. Electric Fans in all
Cabins. Electric Laundry, Swimming Bath. Gymnasium.
No Cargo carried.

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From Southampton, Dec. 3, via Lisbon, Madeira, West Indian Islands to **JAMAICA** and **BERMUDA**. Return by R.M.S.P. "Oruba," via Panama, Venezuela, Canary Islands, and Morocco, arriving at Southampton, Feb. 3.

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Major Richardson's **AIREDALES**, as supplied Admiralty, Home, Colonial, and Continental Police, best companions for house-protection, inside or outside, lonely walks, etc., from 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Also **BLOODHOUNDS**, Pups, 7 gns.; Adults, 20 gns.; and Rough and Smooth **FOX TERRIERS**, **SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Grovond, Harrow. Tel. 423.

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THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

ON Friday, Nov. 8, Olympia is to open its doors for the eleventh International Motor Exhibition organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, in conjunction with the Royal Automobile Club. The Show will remain open until Saturday, Nov. 16, and it will doubtless prove a record one, for the number of exhibitors exceeds three hundred and fifty, and the cars alone that will be seen there will represent a total value of £250,000. In addition to the cars, there will, of course, be exhibited various motoring accessories in infinite variety. As on previous occasions, we have taken the opportunity to prepare, for the benefit of our readers, an illustrated Supplement dealing with some of the principal features of the exhibition. The explanatory letterpress, written by an expert, should be of great assistance as a guide to visitors, bringing out as it does the salient points to be noticed at various stands, and indicating what are the chief things to look out for. One innovation in the arrangement of the Show is the locating of the tyre-makers, for the first time, on the ground floor. This, and other special points of interest, are mentioned in the opening paragraph of the article in our Supplement. Motor-building has been brought to such a pitch of perfection that any novelties of design will probably be in matters of detail rather than of principle.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
The Lady Married. By the Author of "The Lady of the Decoration." 6s.
The Sporting Instinct. Martin Swayne. 6s. net.
The Day that Changed the World. By The Man who was Warned. 6s.
Lord Richard in the Pantry. Martin Swayne. 7s. net.
Life's Open Door. Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. 2s. 6d.
A History of France. H. E. Marshall. Illustrated by A. C. Michael. 7s. 6d. net.
The Bells, and Other Poems. Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net.
Romeo and Juliet. Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R.I. 20s. 6d. net.
Tryfield. G. and M. Hayling. 6s.
The Lee Shore. Rose Macaulay. 6s.
A Rogue's March. Evelyn Tempest. 6s.
Tamsie. Rosamund Napier. 6s.
The Rock of the Ravens. 6s.
The Message of Robert Browning. A. Austin Foster. 5s. net.
HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM.
The Husbands of Edith. George Barr McCutcheon. 3s. net.
LONGMANS.
The New Book of Golf. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. 6s. net.

THE BODLEY HEAD.
Hoffman's Chance. William Caine. 6s.
My Life in Prison. Donald Lowrie. 6s.
Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte. Constance Hill. 16s. net.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.
Two Kings, etc. Cosmo Hamilton. 2s. net.
MILLS AND BOON.
Rambles in Ireland. Robert Lynd. 6s.
METHUEN.
A Wanderer in Florence. E. V. Lucas. 6s.
A Miscellany of Men. G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net.
CHAPMAN AND HALL.
Diaries of William Charles Macready. William Toynbee. Two vols. 32s. net.
The Chalet in the Wood. Edward Quarter 6s.
John of Jingalo. Laurence Housman. 6s.
MURRAY.
The Correspondence of Sarah Lady Lyttelton. Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. 15s. net.
The Snarer. Brown Linnet. 3s. 6d. net.
GEORGE ALLEN.
The Golden Guard. Countess of Cromartie. 6s.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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PEPTICS AND A CHINESE PEPPY: MONSTERS OF THE JUNGLE AND THE STREET.

The Simple Lunch.

The doctors have been sitting in assembly at the Guildhall to consider how the health of the City man—who is generally also a clubman—may be bettered, and the simple lunch was prescribed as one of the remedies for overstrained nerves. Two poached eggs, a glass of milk, bread-and-butter, and stewed fruit were suggested as the ideal meal; but I fancy that the chop or cut from the joint, and whisky-and-soda, and a slice of cheese, which, with bread-and-butter, form the usual City man's lunch, will still hold their own. Talking at lunch and reading at lunch are both considered deleterious by the medical men.

The Man Who Reads at Meals.

I can quite understand that it is not good for men to hold business conversations during a meal for if they become excited by their talk they must be apt to bolt their food, and to disregard all the pleasures of eating in the fierce excitement of making a bargain. But I should imagine that ordinary pleasant social conversation during a meal is good for a man's digestion, for it means that he will not eat his meal at a pace which risks indigestion. The man who reads during a meal, especially if he happens to be taking that meal in a club, is, in my humble opinion, past redemption, for not only is his body bowed when it ought to be upright, but the man who reads at meals shows that he thinks a book or a newspaper is more interesting to him than the conversation of his fellows, and is therefore paying a poor compliment to the men who are about him. One of the doctors advised all men to take at least one hour over every meal; but if two poached eggs count as the best part of a meal, some ingenuity would have to be displayed to spread it out over the time.

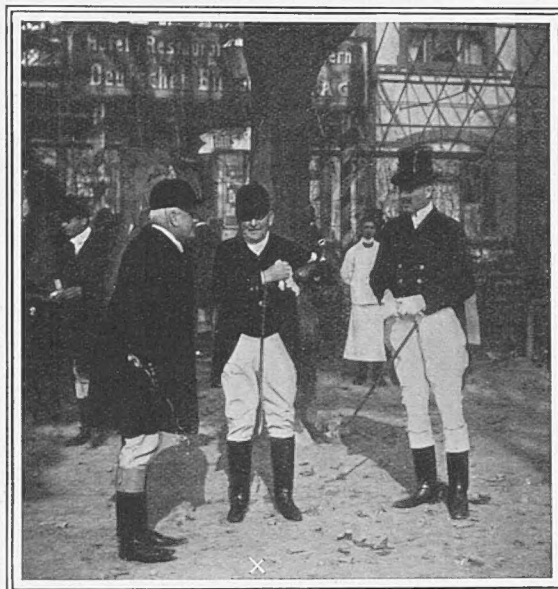
Golf Under a Cloud.

Golf by no means receives the blessing of all the doctors, some of whom have remembered that there are other forms of exercise besides that of a tiring walk chasing a little ball. It has become a formula with most doctors to suggest golf as exercise, and I am sure that they often do this without thinking how the man they are talking to expends his energy in other ways. I fancy that many tired men fatigue themselves unnecessarily by playing a round of golf when they ought to be sitting in a garden in an arm-chair, and look on the game as a dose of unwelcome medicine.

The Great Chinese Diarist.

Li Hung Chang must have thought that there was a possibility that his diaries might be overhauled by the Dowager-Empress of China, or by some of her agents, for though he is sarcastic at the expense of most of the rulers of Europe, he says nothing that is not complimentary concerning the old lady who ruled China for so many years. When he commented too favourably on

the beauty of the Tsaritsa, and was fined 37,000 taels by the Dowager for doing so, the entries in his diary were of the most submissive character. That he repaired his blunder in some way was proved by the gift of the Order of the Golden Dragon from Tsu-Hsi. Possibly Li commuted his offence by telling the Dowager-Empress, as he set down in his diary, that he would not be Tsar even to have the Tsaritsa as his wife, and to have his choice of the finest tea.



THE "GERMANISER" OF THE TURKISH ARMY AS FOX-HUNTER: HIS EXCELLENCY VON DER GOLTZ PASHA (X).

Field-Marshal von der Goltz reorganised the Turkish Army on German lines. He is a man of great energy and dominating power. He has said that every Turk regards himself as a member of a ruling race, and that this intense pride sustains him in battle, while he is insured to hardships, and familiar from childhood with the use of arms.

Photograph by Streich.

Elephants and Little Dogs.

I read that the elephant which walked through a tobacco-nist's shop in Paris, carrying away a few doors and partitions as it did so, had been frightened by the barking of a little dog. This is real elephant nature. In India I have seen an old shooting-elephant, which could be trusted to pick up its trunk and to stand perfectly steady facing a charging tiger, show every sign of fear when a small fox-terrier barked at it, and swing round and make off at its best pace, crashing through everything that came in its way, hopelessly terrified by the shrill yaps of a thing it could crush like a fly. There must be some reason which an elephant understands, but which is beyond the comprehension of a man, why the biggest of beasts fears so much the smallest thing that can make a big noise.

The Noise of the Motor-Omnibus.

Now and again the long-suffering inhabitants of London gather sufficient courage to protest against their tormentors. The rich people living in the great squares and in the streets of Mayfair were driven to desperation by the whooping of taxi-cabs and motor-cars at all hours of the night, and their complaint took such form that the Home Secretary warned the owners of the cars and cabs that if the nuisance was not abated it would be legislated for. All considerate drivers did take notice of the warning, and the motor-cab to-day toots when it comes to a cross-road almost as gently as a sucking-dove. Now the inhabitants of some of the less aristocratic London roads are petitioning against the roar of the motor-omnibuses, which prevents them from going to sleep until 1.30 a.m. The Metropolitan Boroughs Standing Joint Committee has asked for a Government inquiry, and for powers to be given to the Home Secretary to deal with this nuisance, which affects the rich living in Park Lane just as much as it does the people of moderate means living in less aristocratic thoroughfares. There are some roads over which the motor-omnibuses seem to travel in an endless chain, with the drivers of the rival companies jockeying, each man his rival, and as intent on preventing opposition omnibuses from taking up passengers as they are to secure those passengers themselves. What the pace of a motor-omnibus should be I do not pretend to know, but I do see, in Oxford Street and elsewhere, motor-omnibuses being driven at a dangerous pace.



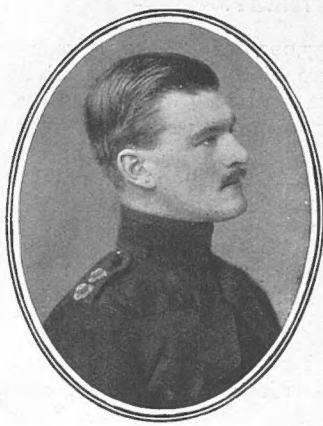
A STAG-HUNT IN SHEFFIELD: THE ANIMAL "BOXED" AFTER ITS CAPTURE.

On a recent Sunday "one of Earl Fitzwilliam's stags—a fine creature of seven or eight years—broke away from Wentworth Woodhouse, and went on a mad career into Sheffield. It arrived in the city shortly before breakfast-time, and made a good round of the town before it was captured. . . . It finally jumped over a wall into a garden, and was brought out again in the less triumphant mode of an animal's travelling-cage from the Jungle." We quote the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph."

Photograph by Babington.



SMALL TALK



ENGAGED TO MISS MARGARET L. AINSWORTH: MR. ARTHUR MURRAY SMITH.

Mr. Murray Smith, of the 2nd Life Guards, is the eldest son of Mr. John Murray Smith, Market Harborough. A portrait of Miss Ainsworth appears on another page.

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS FANNY ZARIFI, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. WALTER BASIL GRAHAM-MONTGOMERY WAS FIXED FOR NOV. 2.

Miss Zarifi is the daughter of the late Mr. Theodore Zarifi. Mr. Graham-Montgomery is the son of Sir Basil Graham-Montgomery, Bt.

Photograph by Thomson.



MAJOR CHARLES CRICHTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS DOROTHY DAWNAY IS FIXED FOR THE 7TH.

Major Crichton, of the 10th Hussars, is the eldest son of Colonel the Hon. Sir Harry Crichton, brother of the Earl of Erne. Miss Dawnay is the elder daughter of the Hon. Eustace Dawnay, brother of Viscount Downe.

Photograph by Swaine.

THE Mansion House Ball was arranged with splendid despatch and efficiency. If the ability to put through so light a piece of business is an indication of ability to put through other and graver things, then the Balkan wounded will have much to be grateful for to the British Relief Committee. Queen Alexandra, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Henry of Battenberg all gave invaluable assistance, and the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Adeline Duchess of Bedford are once again known for hard workers. Lady Roberts's energy is said to be worthy of the tradition of the Relief of Kandahar.

Pianoforte-tude

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West's decision to play the harpsichord at the Æolian Hall on Nov. 9 marks her extreme interest in the purpose of the concert. She is a lady who needs a deal of persuasion before she mounts the platform. The ability is hers, but she maintains that she still suffers agonies of nervousness when she performs in public. We must take her word for a state of mind that is never now apparent. But she has many stories of her musical experiences. For instance, she tells of a concert at which she essayed to play a piece which opened with a few difficult bars. "The first time for the *da capo*, I got over it all right, but to lead to the next movement it had to be repeated with variations in another key. To my consternation, I found myself embarking on the first again. Three times did I repeat the movement, until the audience were becoming quite familiar with the tune. As for me, I felt in a hideous nightmare, when, oh joy! the fourth time the thing came right."

Fortissimo Agitato.

Mrs. West has played in many parts of the world. Her zest is not cooled by the evil reputation of the hotel piano, or the observations of the hotel audience. Once, in an Australian hostelry, she settled down to Wagner, to the delight of the old ladies in the drawing-room. "What," asked they at the end, "was that sweetly pretty tune?" "'Götterdämmerung'!" answered Mrs. West, with a splendid fortissimo on the third syllable. The ladies, says she, were scattered like frightened wood-pigeons.

I "Spy" Twins.

Few, if any, of the originals of the *Vanity Fair* cartoons turned into Sotheby's to see themselves knocked down to the highest bidder. Prices were good, but the dealers, rather than the sitters, were keen. Nobody

from Westminster was present when the Mr. Asquith of twenty-one years ago, a slim figure, with the head of "Plum" Warner rather than of the "P.M." as he is to-day, was put up. Not even a private secretary watched the proceedings in the interest of the chief; and when Mr. Bonar Law's turn came a yet thinner house must be recorded. Politicians may be excused if they grow weary of caricatures. In other circles such things are still supposed to be amusing—the lord about town, the Judges, and even the actors are not displeased with the crooked compliment of a crooked drawing; and several ladies showed themselves interested in the cartoons of Lord Beauchamp (of half his present bulk); of Lord Savile, in anything but the mourning he is now wearing; and of the Duke of Marlborough. By some freak of the brush the Duke and Lord Bath appear on paper to be as like as twins. But the Duke did not purchase the Marquess on that account, nor the Marquess the Duke.

The Greek Rally.

Miss Ralli's engagement came at a moment of national triumph. Despite her English relatives, she is still sufficiently Greek to be a passionate partisan in the war, and if Lord Tweeddale ever had any of the Turk in him it is now utterly routed. But he has had many opportunities of learning the rights of the Græco-Turkish question, for his connection with the family of his fiancée is not new. When his brother, Lord Arthur Hay, and Miss Menda Ralli were married rather more than a year ago, Miss Ralli attended her cousin as bridesmaid.

A Mixture in Tweeddales.

Lord Tweeddale himself can boast a mixture of blood, for his mother was a Bartolucci of Cantiano, in Italy. For those whose faith in such international agreements is strong, the promise of the introduction of yet another strain into the Northern family is very interesting. Lord Tweeddale is both hunter and soldier. More than once he has visited East Africa for big game, and met adventures there that prove the world to be not yet entirely tamed. The Dark Continent holds out against the dull and tidy processes of civilisation—which does not mean that Miss Ralli is dull, though tidy and from Greece.



ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE: MISS MARGUERITE RALLI.

Miss Ralli, daughter of Mrs. Einstein, is a niece of Mrs. Edward Stonor, formerly Mrs. Ambrose Ralli. Lord Tweeddale, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father a few months ago, was born in November 1884. For a time he held a commission in the 1st Life Guards. His brother, Lord Arthur Hay, married Miss Menda Ralli, daughter of the late Mr. Ambrose Ralli.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE BIG SHOOT IN FRANCE: GAME-REARING ON A VAST SCALE.



1. WILD DUCKS HATCHED BY HEN FOSTER-MOTHERS: FIRST STEPS FROM THE BREEDING-BOXES.

2. ON THE EVE OF THE SHOOT: WILD DUCKS COMING FOR THEIR DAILY CORN TO A CAGE READY TO ENTRAP THEM.

3. ALARMING TO THE FOSTER-MOTHER HEN: WILD DUCKLINGS TAKE TO THE WATER.

4. ON M. HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S ESTATE: A RESERVE OF WILD DUCK AT AUFFARGIS.

5. ANXIOUSLY WATCHING HER STRANGE BROOD: THE HEN FOSTER-MOTHER AND YOUNG PHEASANTS.

6. WHERE 5000 FOWLS ARE EMPLOYED TO SIT ON PHEASANTS' EGGS: HATCHING-BOXES AT AUFFARGIS.

7. ONE OF A STAFF OF EIGHTY: A KEEPER CARRYING HATCHING-BOXES.

The artificial rearing of pheasants, partridges, and wild duck is organised on a vast scale on some of the big game preserves of France—notably on such estates as those of M. Henri de Rothschild at Auffargis, near Vaulx-de-Cernay. In November and December some 1500 pheasants (one cock bird to five hens) are placed in cages for breeding, and in April the hen-pheasants lay some 35,000 eggs. As a hen-pheasant will never hatch in captivity, the services of about 5000 domestic fowls are utilised for the purpose, the best mothers being selected and given fifteen eggs each to sit on. When the young pheasants that are then hatched out reach years (or months) of discretion, they are set free in the coverts. Partridges and wild duck are bred on similar principles. There are three ponds peopled with 1500 ducks of pure Scotch breed, and every year from March 1 to June 15 the keepers gather some 2500 eggs laid in the neighbourhood. The staff of keepers numbers, according to the season, from thirty-five to eighty men, besides twenty-six keepers to prevent poaching. Besides the work of rearing and of beating on the day of a great shoot, incessant war has to be waged against the enemies, both winged and four-footed, that attack the eggs and young birds. These foes include sparrow-hawks, buzzards, crows, magpies, weasels, badgers, martins, foxes, and rats.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

LADY MOND.



ENGAGED TO MISS IRIS FITZGEORGE, MR. ROBERT SHEKLETON BALFOUR.

Mr. Balfour is the son of the late Mr. Robert Balfour, of Stirling.

Photograph by Thomson.

"I AM in direct communication with wholesale firms in the City, which enables me to obtain articles at cost price," runs the appeal issued by Lady Mond for Balkan relief funds. "I have secured rooms, free of charge, through the kindness of a business firm, at 28, Sloane Street. Thither, she continues, "the blankets, sheets, shirts, stockings, old linen and flannels" must go. The letter has the ring of a committee chairman who means business, and gets it. Since the appeal was issued for the clothes that are to protect the wounded peasants and their wives and children from the terrific winter that is before them, all sorts of contributions have reached the sorting-room. Lady Mond is grateful for almost anything, but at discarded ball-dresses, or any ball-dresses, she draws the line. Several of these, packed in tissue-paper, have been forwarded by the well-intentioned.

The Lady of the Salon. And of this "Violet Mond," whose letter, straight to the point, might serve as a model to the City houses of her acquaintance? Is she straight and to the point? For straight, read tall and lovely; for to the point, read witty; for businesslike, read likeable. She is not wholly expressed by her letter. A creature of flashes, of intermingling reserves and frankness; this moment withdrawn, her eyes distant, her profile

ambiguous; the next, turned full on her companion, generous with the smiles of agreement and confidence. It is a manner of artifice, if you like; the artifice that no woman mixing greatly with her fellows can neglect. Artifice, eleven times in twelve, is well intentioned—the first cousin of kindness: only by artifice does your Lady of the Salon satisfy all the claims put upon her knowledge and attention by the multitudinous egoists who seek her company. It is not the strict utilitarian of the letter of appeal to whom they go in Lowndes Square.

Mondays.

The "Mondays" of two seasons established her as a hostess on the way to achieve the thing that London holds impossible—a literary salon. The hostess who tames the lions, or

The Mond Collection.

Lady Mond has lived much among pictures. Born a Goetze, she has to confess to a family interest in the "problem pictures" bearing the name, startling and ingenious compositions in which Satan and ballet-girls, and babes and bishops, rehearse



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT SHEKLETON BALFOUR, MISS IRIS FITZGEORGE.

Miss FitzGeorge is a daughter of the late Colonel FitzGeorge, son of the late Duke of Cambridge.

Photograph by Thomson.

their parts to the satisfaction of the Royal Academy visitor and exchequer. At the other pole of painting stands the Mond Collection. The Mond Collection is not her own, unless the living, and talking, Young Masters of the Arts who congregate at Lowndes Square are sometimes so called. The Mond Collection—perhaps the finest of all modern collections of Italian Masters—was made by her father-in-law. Dr. Mond gave the pick of it to England, his adopted mother.

Her Intentions? "A salon, the nursery, poetry, a volume of memoirs, and politics." To the first, the second, and the last of these Lady Mond is deeply committed by her friends, four children, and the Member for Swansea. A magazine may easily be among the back numbers of her ambitions; for her close connection with the *English Review* has served its purpose. The magazine is doubly famous. We, at least, may be ambitious, in due time, for a book of memoirs that would be a world apart from the usual banalities. But the Lady Monds of this generation too seldom send volumes spinning through Smith's and Mudie's.



CRACK REVOLVER SHOT, SPORTSMAN, SCULPTOR, AND MILLIONAIRE, MR. WALTER WINANS.

Mr. Winans is here seen at work on his model of Hammurabi, a famous fast trotter, for the Paris Salon of next year. Hammurabi, a four-year old, bred by Mr. Winans, won the chief prize at the Autumn Trotting Meeting at Vienna, doing the mile in 2 min., 12 sec.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

tries to make the tame lions a trifle wild and interesting, is always suspect; she is nicknamed "Madame Reclamier." But Lady Mond's gatherings gathered naturally; her lions came as a matter of course. They had, from the first, the social success of her own popularity. Later, the lights of the *Westminster Gazette* and of the *English Review*, her husband's publications, shone in her drawing-room, the nucleus of a crowd in the midst of which the mere

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING AT THE EARL OF SOUTHESK'S BRECHIN SEAT: SPORT AT KINNAIRD CASTLE.

Photographs by Topical.

politician became almost the invisible man. No. 35 was, indeed, doomed to distinction from the first. Is it to escape from an inevitable pun suggested by Monday that Lady Mond has decided on Tuesdays for her next series of evenings at home?



IN A CANVAS BUTT, THE MARQUESS OF BUTE SHOOTING AT KINNAIRD CASTLE.

John Crichton-Stuart, fourth Marquess of Bute, and a Baronet, was born in June 1881. He is Hereditary Sheriff and Coroner, and Lord-Lieutenant of County Bute. In 1905 he married Augusta Mary Monica, daughter of Sir (Alan) Henry Bellingham, Bt.



AT KINNAIRD CASTLE, THE MARQUESS OF BUTE (IN THE KILT) AND LORD SOUTHESK (POINTING).

Charles Noel Carnegie, tenth Earl of Southesk and a Baronet, was born in March 1854. Formerly he was Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon. Colonel of the Forfar and Kincardineshire R.G.A. (Militia). In 1891 he married Ethel Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Alexander Bannerman, Bt.

1ST WOMAN PRESIDENT OF THE ULSTER ASSOCIATION IN LONDON.



BY THE ARTIST - WIFE OF ONE OF OUR BEST PORTRAIT - PAINTERS : PRISCILLA COUNTESS ANNESLEY.
BY MRS. JOHN LAVERY.

Priscilla Cecilia Countess Annesley, who has been elected President of the Ulster Association in London, and is the first woman to hold that post, married the fifth Earl in 1892, as his second wife. Before that she was known as Miss Moore, daughter of the late Mr. William Moore, of Aramoore, County Cavan. She has a house in Wilton Place. Mrs. John Lavery, who did this portrait of her, is, of course, the wife of the well-known A.R.A. She is the wearer of the Silver Turban in her husband's picture of that name, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.



THE GIRLS' SCHOOL FOR—MUSICAL COMEDY: AN ADELPHIC DANSEUSE.

"The Dancing Mistress."

It would be unwise to regard the booing, yelling, whistling, and other ugly noises, which on the first night of "The Dancing Mistress" were heard in futile opposition to the hearty applause, as matters of much importance. These were partly a counterblast to the hysterical shrieks of welcome to the popular performers, and partly due to the



WHY NOT PUNISH THE WICKED BARON IN THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH WAY?
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

fact that some of the audience resented the process of trying it on the dog. The professional critic is accustomed to be treated as the dog, and sometimes he barks, and often wishes that he could bite; but amateur unpaid critics object to having a partially digested mass chucked at them in order that the management can see from their attitude what is to be kept, what cut. For an unorganised body they showed their resentment cleverly by abstaining from booing any particular scene, or song, or dance, and kept their evidence of dissatisfaction for one carefully indiscriminating roar at the end. So the management learnt little, and will have to make its omissions and additions without much help from the audience. And yet that little storm—unmentioned by some of the critics—coupled with the fact that last season quite a lot of musical comedies got quickly upon the rocks, seems to show that the wind has veered, and the time is coming when the alert Mr. Edwardes, who, like Gladstone did, always keeps his finger on the pulse of the public, may think it wise to introduce the next stage in the evolution of the light musical play from the old Gaiety burlesque. May it come soon, very soon! Yet it must not be imagined that "The Dancing Mistress" is a poor entertainment or that its company contains no artist of real value. There is Miss Gracie Leigh, who can act and sing—or say—songs prettily and with point, and dances daintily. It would be an interesting experiment to allow her to play the title-part, but of course the experiment will not be made, and some day Miss Leigh, I suppose, will migrate to the legitimate, and give us the benefit of her nice sense of humour in the class of character generally played—always delightfully—by Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

The Girls' School.

We got on very well during the first act, which had little more than mere threats of a plot. It passes in a girls' school, and if my wife were not my amanuensis (a word which she probably can't spell, but the printer can), I should like to rave about the young ladies. No bread-and-butter Misses in their teens, but good-looking, full-fledged "flappers"—perhaps "full-fledged flapper" is a kind of oxymoron—who backed gee-gees and played cards and ran into debt, and wore fascinating frocks. And Mlle. Caumont helped the play along by her tremendous, quite clever work as broad comedian in the very "fat" part of the sentimental French mistress. Incidentally, I protest against an attempted joke

in the line, "Surprisingly moral for a French woman." A pity that the actress is so fond of the footlights: how amusing she would be in a finely drawn, nicely restrained character! And, of course, there were two popular favourites—Miss Gertie Millar, as the Dancing Mistress, who does a great deal of successful dancing and singing during the piece; and Mr. Joseph Coyne, who dances better than he sings, and who acted with great spirit: these two greatly pleased the audience in their customary way. The piece showed that Mr. Coyne, an aviator, and the Dancing Mistress fell in love with one another, and that she was dismissed, quite properly, by Miss Agnes Thomas, the head of the school, who, alas! had not a ghost of a chance of using her rich gifts as actress, and disappeared after this act.

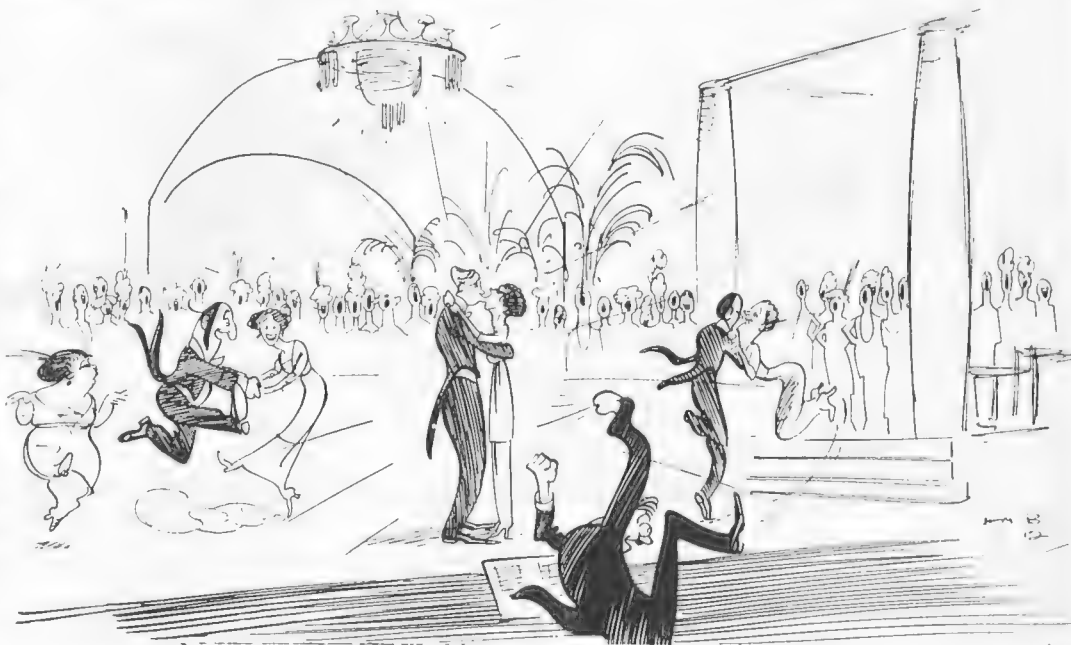
The Plot.

In the second act the plot set in with great severity. One might guess that it was taken from an old Adelphi drama—and no doubt guess incorrectly. There were lots of ingredients: a collection of people trying to rob the French mistress of a Panama lottery ticket which had won a *gros lot*—a fact of which she was ignorant for months after the event, though she regarded her chance of winning as most important; also there was a wicked baron who loved the heroine, and for a while caused dissension between her and the aviator by a device so crude that some of the audience tittered; and there was a bet as to whether the aviator could fly over the Alps to London within a given time—so far as I could make out, within a period sufficient to enable the other characters to travel from Switzerland to the home of musical comedy by train and ship. Perhaps he had invented the invaluable kind of aeroplane in which you can go as-slow-as-you-please. And there were other ingredients, but the handling of them reminded me of the old story of the French chef's efforts to carry out the recipe for plum-pudding. It is needless to say that we had a happy ending; indeed, Mr. Tanner was even benevolent enough not to punish the villains. Of course, there were plenty of tuneful songs, written in the well-known popular Monckton style, and heaps of money has been spent, quite effectively, in the second act. Mr. Blakeley did his work as male low-comedian amusingly, and Mr. M. G. Carvey delighted the house with a waltz-song of the Viennese type. Miss Elsie Spain, who had a love-story connected with a young lord, looked handsome, and sang with spirit. The lyrics by Messrs. Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank are neatly written, and despite that little first-night storm, I expect that "The Dancing Mistress," considerably cut and changed, is still running merrily.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



VIRGINIE TOUCHET—
MLLE. M. CAUMONT.
CARICATURED BY H. M.
BATEMAN.



GRAND FINALE: EVERYBODY'S HAPPIEST NOW.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

OUR UNTAMED ARTIST AT THE PLAY: "THE DANCING MISTRESS."



FUN MADE OF FUN-MAKERS: PLAYERS AT THE ROYAL ADELPHI.

"The Dancing Mistress," a new musical comedy by Mr. James T. Tanner, with music by Mr. Lionel Monckton, and lyrics by Messrs. Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank, is running at the Royal Adelphi Theatre with much success.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



THE FUTURE LADY POLTIMORE: THE HON. MRS. GEORGE WENTWORTH WARWICK BAMPFYLDE.

Mrs. Bampfylde, who gave birth to a daughter the other day, is the wife of Lord Poltimore's eldest son. She married in 1910

Photograph by Lafayette.

that even dispelled that atmosphere of out-and-out "horsiness" which has threatened to envelop not a few autumn meetings. Owners who add nothing to the gaiety of enclosures have been too conspicuous; but here was a change. Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield, Sir Richard and Lady Waldie-Griffith, and Sir Sigismund and Lady Neumann, each with a group of friends, contributed largely to the amenities of the King's day.

Lord and Lady Ellesmere, whose interest in racing is assuaged with charitable concerns, had been in London, arranging for a concert to be given in the picture-gallery at Bridgewater House, before leaving to receive her guests at Sketchworth. While she and Sketchworth last, let nobody write of Newmarket's degenerate days! The unjustifiable notion that the King was to relinquish the greater portion of his stables, and a certain predominance of the more "professional" element in recent events, set the alarmists by the ears. But Sketchworth stands for the romance of the Turf. That this is literally the case, Lord Ellesmere's sporting novels prove. His *nom-de-plume*, "Charles Granville" is, by the way, also the name of another man of romance in the world of books.



TO MARRY MISS NELLIE JOHNSTONE ON NOV. 7, CAPTAIN A. F. DOUGLAS. Captain Douglas, late of the Cameronians and of the 5th Fusiliers, of Bryanston Street, Portman Square, is the youngest son of the late Major Philip H. Douglas.

Photograph by Swaine.

NEWMARKET, after the disappointments of a previous meeting, was revived in spirits when the King's motor swept up to the gates, having arrived sooner than the news of his Majesty's departure from Buckingham Palace. The attendance was not very large, but his Majesty's friends were on all sides, and his recognitions plentiful. Lord Durham, Mr. L. de Rothschild, Mr. A. James, Sir Ernest Cassel, Lord Ellesmere, and Lord Derby had all entered horses; and his Majesty made other owners, who had perhaps been doubtful whether they themselves would be remembered, very happy by showing himself familiar with them and their horses as well. Though meagrely attended, Newmarket was socially in good form for the Cambridgeshire. Lord and Lady Cadogan entertained a party



MISS CLARA GARDINER MUIR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. WILLIAM MUIR WAS FIXED FOR THE FIFTH.

Miss Clara Gardiner Muir, of 2, Grosvenor Crescent, is the daughter of Mr. John Gardiner Muir, D.L., J.P. The wedding was fixed to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—*[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]*

At Holkham. The King has decided to give a full week to the Earl of Leicester and his shooting. Holkham's host and hostess are both fond of sport, and the Earl is essentially "a man with a gun." With Egypt, Suakim, and the Transvaal behind him, he is quite content with the future offered by his coverts. His character does not belie his face and manner, which are those of a soldier turned countryman. It is doubtful which is the better gentleman of the two—Coke, the Colonel, or the Farmer-Earl. Perhaps his great point is that he carries his Earldom, his Lord-Lieutenancy, and his other encumbrances so lightly. It is true he was his father's heir for sixty years—long enough to learn how to make light of a great inheritance.

Phases of Phrases. The Court Circulars of the present reign have shown a considerable easing and

loosening of the formalities and pomposities of the State vocabulary. Indeed, St. James's has not only kept apace of the tendency of all Courts to a more familiar style, but has given many an example in brevity. Spain, the stronghold of courtly phrases, follows suit. "King Alfonso took to his bed this morning, owing to influenza," runs the officially approved telegram. It used to be gazetted that "his Most Catholic Majesty has been confined to his apartments." It was only your common civilian who used to take to his bed! Times have changed. The reporter who, describing a carriage accident, said that "his Lordship suffered immersion in the lake"; and later that "the groom got a good ducking in the pond," is superseded. And we do not regret him.

A Royal Mail.

No volume of Edward VII.'s letters is on the way. The statement that one may be expected, and that the late King had a rare gift for writing entertaining epistles "and expressed his thoughts very neatly, pen in hand," might well set going a second Lee-Legge fight about the facts. Like most haphazard ventures at the truth in regard to the late King, it is strangely misleading. His letters were above all things non-committal. A man of quick tongue and decisive opinions decisively expressed, he knew that manner makes more than half a meaning. His letters, for the most part, arranged for the interviews at which he was, doubtless, to speak his mind. Of a score of notes to a fairly close and intimate friend that were shown to me the other day, only one did more than name the hour and place of meeting.

An Interesting Engagement.

The least that can be said of the news of Mrs. Bertram Meeking's engagement to Mr. Johnson is that it makes promise of a brilliant bride, and of apparel unparalleled. For her height and her perfect slenderness she is a lady who everywhere, despite herself, is much remarked; while her stature baffles the copyist, her exquisite taste offers many opportunities to the plagiarist in clothes. "I'm waiting till I've seen Violet Meeking," says the woman who hesitates in the game of fashion, which is a game of hide-and-seek, as well as of show. Mrs. Meeking, who has two little girls, and a lovely place near Windsor, lost her husband in the South African War.

A Tried Trio. Princess Henry of Battenberg, whose Christmas will probably be spent with the King and Queen of Spain in Madrid, has in the meantime honoured her old friends Lord and Lady Fortescue at Castle Hill. The party asked to meet her Royal Highness included Lord and Lady Cairns, Lady Victoria Dawnay, and Lady Egerton. Sir Ernest Satow, Count Hochberg, and Colonel Kekewich were also invited to amuse the Princess—and each other! A rare trio! Their combined experiences cover practically all the ground there is to cover in diplomacy and soldiering.



TO MARRY MR. ALFRED T. TRETHERWY ON NOV. 7, MISS K. MITCHELL CRAIG. Miss Mitchell Craig is the daughter of the Rev. J. Mitchell Craig, of Memus, Kierriemuir, Forfarshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. F. DOUGLAS ON NOV. 7, MISS NELLIE JOHNSTONE.

Miss Johnstone is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Johnstone, Public Works Department, Ceylon.

Photograph by Swaine.

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Things that Keep Us Awake.



NO. IV.—WHETHER TO HOLD OR TO CUT THE LOSS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



"THE FREETHINKER OF LOVE": THE MAN OF FORTY.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I DON'T, I emphatically do not, agree with Mrs. Yorke Miller! In the novelist's opinion, the man of forty is the most perfect lover. "He has few conceits," says she, "he is thoughtful and considerate, and, most important of all, knows his proper value in the world." Not to know his value in woman's eyes would be infinitely preferable, but the man of forty is appallingly lucid. "The most perfect lover" should be he who loves most perfectly. The man of forty loves only himself. He has shed all his illusions, and has not yet re-learned them. He is too old for enthusiasm and too young for indulgence. He is no longer fervent, and not yet grateful.

The man of forty is in the most perfect stage of manhood. His brain is ripe, his physical strength has attained its highest development. He is armed cap-à-pie, not only against life but specially against love. In fact, he doesn't believe in love any more. It is no longer—and not yet—indispensable to him. His mind is too strong and too well balanced to be imaginative, and it is only the imaginative being who can love. Like the rationally constituted, the savage and the peasant, the man of forty is passionate without being sentimental. He is the despair of match-making mothers—he is so heart-breakingly sane. The marriageable age of man is from nineteen to thirty-five, and from forty-five to ninety-nine. But for ten years man is immune. Socially he is at his best; sentimentally, he only appeals to the very young girl, whose fresh curiosity is held by his polished cynicism. But it is when man is forty that sex-antagonism is at its most acute stage between him and his feminine equivalent—the woman of thirty.

To her, used to the grave, protecting, exalted adoration from very young men, to the gay, tender gratitude of nice old men, for whom woman's presence is like an autumn sun—to her the composure of the man of forty is a humiliation. He neither hopes nor regrets—he just knows. He knows that in love he gives as much as he receives. The very young man has not yet learned this—the old man knows it is no longer true in his case. Both are humble; but he, the middle-aged man, as Mrs. Yorke Miller truly says, "knows his proper value" (the really nice man pretends to ignore it). He has no spontaneity, no impulse, no folly, to carry him off his feet and the woman with him. He has arrived at a period of such awful perspicacity, or, rather, of such complete knowledge, that he actually sees through woman, and she cannot forgive him that. What! so many centuries of mystery, so much

hypocrisy acted so conscientiously as to become nature (not "second," but one and indivisible), so much womanliness, fierce and feline—all that in vain because man is celebrating his fortieth birthday! Against her lifelong imposture he opposes fifteen years

of experience—experiences, rather—and observation. Woman is essential to him, but without her halo. She has no prestige, she has no secret, she has no danger for the man of forty. He sees her with cruel clearness, and she hates him for it. That he is "considerate" or "thoughtful" does not soothe in the least her deep, emotional, feminine wrath. Next to being beaten woman loves being adored, and he neither beats nor adores her. Secretly he thinks she is not worth that exertion or that emotion. Then, forty is the comfortable age for a man. He has, as a rule, ceased struggling. His ambition is no longer lean and fiery and creative, but a plump and pleasant roadside companion. He is sure of himself, he has in love-tactics an exasperating precision, he is that hateful being—he who is always right. And we women so love to forgive and to condone! We cherish the humble fumbler with a protective tenderness. A man who falters in his speech because we look at him is more eloquent than the most brilliant talker. The man whose hand shakes when he covers her shoulders with her opera-cloak has a recommendation to mercy opposite his name in a woman's mental balance-sheet. The perfect lover for the average and imperfect woman is either a bully or an incense-bearing slave, or both in turn, or at once. The man of forty is merely master of the situation. And he lets us see that he is aware of it. His appetites are not the sublime heart-hunger

that touches us so much, nor does he trouble to plead famine. He doesn't call physical attraction "love at first sight," and we women are so fond of the pretty pretence. To render him still more hateful, we must acknowledge—but never to him—that at forty that horrid man is really looking his best. The first grey hairs lend intellectuality to his forehead, the first lines lend an interesting look of fatigue to his eyes, his hands are restful, his voice mellow and never tremulous.

The man of forty is the freethinker of love. He has outgrown his faith; but Fate, the fate of weak, vacillating man, awaits him in his old age. At sixty the renegade will expiate his lapse, and fall in love

with a flapper of sixteen, all provoking freckles and brusque charm. And she will laugh at him, with her cruel young teeth, and turn from him to—the man of forty.



TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR GEORGE MURRAY SMITH THIS MONTH: MISS AINSWORTH.

Miss Ainsworth is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. S. Ainsworth, M.P. for Argyllshire. Her eldest sister is Lady Massereene and Ferrard. Mr. Murray Smith, of Gumley Hall, Market Harborough, is in the 2nd Life Guards. He is a nephew of Lord Belper, his mother being the youngest sister of that peer. The wedding is fixed for this month.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



LAW-MAKERS AT WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS, NIAGARA FALLS: MAJOR A. C. MORRISON-BELL, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE A. GIBBS, AND MR. WALTER H. LONG.

Major Morrison-Bell is M.P. for the Honiton Division of Devonshire; Colonel Gibbs, for West Bristol; and Mr. Walter Long for the Strand Division. Major Morrison-Bell accompanied Mr. Long on his tour, acting as secretary for the time. Colonel Gibbs is Mr. Long's son-in-law.

WORDS, IDLE WORDS!



THE NERVOUS AMATEUR: I say, old chap, I got horribly mixed up in that big speech of mine.
Did they notice it in front?

HIS FRIEND (*kindly*): Don't you worry, old boy; nobody could hear a word you said.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



"GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY PROVIDENCE IN A MOMENT OF GENEROSITY": DELPHINE, MARQUISE DE CUSTINE.*

**"As Attractive
as a Woman
Can Be."**

From the day of her birth in Paris in 1770 to the day of her death at Bex in 1826, Delphine de Sabran, afterwards Marquise de Custine, was the sport of love, or sported with it. As a child, and in company with her brother Elzéar, she was an amateur-dramatic success not only at her mother's, but at the houses of her friends, and, under the wing of the Duchesse de Polignac, before the Queen. Then came the bearing of a yoke at a convent, and, in 1787, her marriage to Armand Louis Philippe François de Custine. She was fond of her young husband, without doubt; but, in 1790, "with all the bloom and freshness of her twenty years, with her beautiful hair and charming figure, Delphine was as attractive as a woman can be": Boufflers called her the Queen of the Roses, and many hovered round the blossom. Admiration was hers, and flattery. She flirted, innocently and dangerously. The formation of the Revolutionary Tribunal caused her to find safety at Mello; while her husband courageously remained in the capital. Before long General de Custine was arrested, and his daughter-in-law decided it was her duty to return to Paris. She did so, to find her husband in La Force. At the trial of the General, Delphine was as brave as she was beautiful; during the trial of Armand she did all she could to save the ill-starred prisoner, and on his being sentenced to death she "purchased permission to say a last farewell to the condemned man." The meeting was a study of tender calm, ending in hysterical laughter in the case of each. Armand died heroically. Then Delphine herself came under the ban of the Committee of Public Safety, and was confined to her rooms. Her capacity for inspiring devotion aided her. One Bertrand, then a prisoner in La Force, had fallen in love with her during her visits to her husband. To him Delphine appealed, and "though he risked his head in the venture, he did not hesitate, but promised every assistance." The result was failure. Delphine was taken to Saint-Pélagie and, later, to the prison of the Carmes in the Rue de Vaugirard. Her arrival there made a sensation. "The young woman was wearing mourning for her husband, which was an act of great courage at that time. Her long black drapery showed off her dazzling complexion and beautiful fair hair, and she appeared delightfully pretty." General Alexandre de Beauharnais "fell under the spell, and when, on the 2nd of Floréal, 1794, Mme. de Beauharnais was brought to share her cell, Delphine and de Beauharnais were in the full fire of their passion.

**"A Whole Series
of Adorers."**

On the Fifth of Thermidor, year II. of the one and indivisible Republic, de Beauharnais was tried and executed. Delphine's life was saved by another attracted by her charms—one of the three Commissaries who had to take her

from prison to examinations at her house, a master-mason called Gérôme, who saw to it that the paper bearing her name was never too near the top of the heap from which Fouquier-Tinville would daily pick a batch to provide food for the insatiable guillotine. At last the Terror ended, and Mme. de Beauharnais was free, thanks in part to Tallien. In the next year Delphine met Séguier, "the handsome officer of Condé's army," and scored another victory. In 1797 "we see a whole series of adorers invariably circulating round her"—Médor, Lolo, Bois, It, and so on. She thought of a second marriage; but Barthélemy was deported to Guiana, and the project collapsed. 1799 saw the ascendancy of General Pierre de Beurnonville, who was fascinated and proposed matrimony. She hesitated—and used him, in conjunction with Fouché, the Minister of Police, to get the name of her mother and her stepfather removed from the list of *émigrés*. That was all. In 1803, she was "one of those ravishing creatures given to the world by Providence in a moment of generosity."

**Chateaubriand
and the End.**

The Vicomte René de Chateaubriand, "a man whose increasing reputation aroused the enthusiasm of the literary salons," wooed her and won: "she surrendered herself without reserve to the passion which carried her away." Chateaubriand wrote in "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe": "If these notes were not to-day notes from our grandmother's generation I should find it difficult to relate with modesty how they fought for a word from me, how they picked up an envelope written by me, and with what blushing they hid it, lowering their heads under the veil of their long hair." The prettiest women were at his feet: "Among the bees which composed their hive was the Marquise de Custine, who had inherited the long hair of Marguerite de Provence, the wife of Saint Louis, from whom she was descended." Grief and trouble were born of the intimacy. Chateaubriand was fickle, moody, careless, bantering, at times a loving, at times an evil "Génie." Delphine was reckless of gossip for his sake; his response was that of a man devoted to himself. In 1804, "one evening when they returned

from a drive, in the course of which Chateaubriand had not opened his mouth, Delphine, in despair, seized a gun with which he had been shooting in the morning, and attempted to kill herself." So matters fluctuated. In 1811, Delphine abandoned the vain struggle; yet she hankered after news of him; and, in 1814, "intercourse was resumed as in the past." Later, there came under the spell Koreff, a young German doctor, a Jew, and a dabbler in spiritualism. And

the end? "It was written that Mme. de Custine should be spared no human grief. She had seen her daughter-in-law die in the flower of her youth, and had seen the brilliant future which she had dreamed of for her son collapse most lamentably." And in 1826 she died and was buried.—An exceptionally interesting and valuable study.



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE
SOCIETY OF WOMEN JOURNALISTS:
MRS. LOUIS BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds (G. M. Robins) is the eldest daughter of Mr. Julian Robins, barrister-at-law. She was married in 1890, and has three sons. Amongst her best-known publications are "Phoebe in Fetters," "The Man Who Won," and "Out of the Night." She gives her recreations as drawing, painting, cycling, travelling, reading, and private theatricals.—[Photograph by Thomson.]



MADE IN THIS COUNTRY FOR USE BY THE SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE FIVE PEOPLES WHO ARE
WAGING WAR IN THE NEAR EAST: RED CROSS AND CRESCENT INVALID CUPS.

Two thousand of these cups were recently inspected by the Queen. It will be noted that each of those for the United Balkan States bears the Red Cross, while each of those for Turkey bears the Red Crescent.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

* "Memoirs of Delphine de Sabran, Marquise de Custine." From the French of Gaston Maugras and Le Cte. P. de Croze-Lemercier. (William Heinemann; 10s. net.)

THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS.



THE FESTIVE ONE (*under a cloud and a delusion*): I shay, it's awf'ly good of you chapsh;
hope I'm not bringin' you out of your waysh.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

MEET REPROOF.



THE SERGEANT (*to TOMMY, late on parade*): Where 'ave you been?

THE TOMMY: Dinin', Sir.

THE SERGEANT: Dinin' be blowed! You 've been feedin', that's wot you 've been doin': it's only officers wot dines.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



THE UNDERGRADUATE AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

By MAJOR SYMONS.

AFTER an unusually protracted course of study as an undergraduate at Oxford, James Cornish had, at the instigation of an indulgent parent, been despatched on an educational tour round the world.

Several years of Oxford life are not inclined to foster any great breadth of view regarding men and manners. In fact, the ideas absorbed at that august seat of learning, other than those essentially British, are apt to depend almost entirely upon a study of the types of the races which the University happens at the time to be nurturing in its educational bosom.

Now, Jimmy Cornish belonged to the innermost circle of college orthodoxy. Until he had started forth upon his memorable pilgrimage, his knowledge of people outside his own narrow clan was confined to certain channels the correctness of which, in his mind, admitted of no argument. That all Americans are ridiculously rich is well known—at all events, that was one of the points of knowledge which Jimmy had easily acquired. All Americans, also, are gifted with special knowledge whereby they can make money with extraordinary ease. It was a gift which, Jimmy concluded, evidently emanated from a place called Wall Street. He had read somewhat of Wall Street in the daily papers. The Americans he had met upon his travels were all of the same wealthy breed. Had not "Sheppard's" at Cairo, the Galle Face Hotel at Colombo, and a dozen other notorious resorts at which he had sojourned on his way eastward been replete with Americans—all wealthy?

By the time he had reached Japan, Jimmy's preconceived knowledge of the world in general had received, it is feared, many shocks. For the first time in his life he had discovered that not even an Oxford undergraduate is infallible. There was one of his beliefs, however, which strengthened rather than weakened as he reached San Francisco and began his long journey across the Continent. He still believed implicitly in the specially ordained money-making proclivities of the people amongst whom he now found himself. Indeed, so imbued with this idea had he become that, during his progress to New York, he was constantly on the watch for crumbs of financial inspiration which might assist him to "make a bit" for himself. The words of wisdom which he eagerly absorbed from the conversation in the smoking-cars would have filled several volumes—including a fairy-tale edition. As soon as he could find his way to that inside information of which he so constantly dreamed, he intended to have his plunge.

Jimmy had several letters of introduction to prominent residents of New York. Consequently, he soon found himself invited to the temporary membership of more than one first-class club, and his new friends took endless trouble to show him all that was worth seeing in that city of many and varied amusements. Still, amidst all the frivolities in which he shared, Jimmy never for a moment lost sight of that one main chance which he felt certain would, sooner or later, float to him out of the golden atmosphere with which his imagination had clothed that wonderful city.

That "all things come to those who wait" may be an old-fashioned belief, but it is one that still challenges criticism. And certain it is that James Cornish would at this moment, if required, be one of the challengers. That the safety of little children and drunken men is specially provided for is another undeniable axiom. And this is equally applicable.

On the Sunday following his arrival, Jimmy, attired immaculately according to the latest Bond Street dictates, might have been seen entering the sacred portals of St. Bartholomew's Church. His companion, Mr. Vandemeyer, a well-known barrister of New York, had Jimmy in charge for the day, and was leading him forth to view Society at its prayers.

The weather was beautifully fine, and the church, in consequence, was filled to overflowing with a fashionable mob of the richest people that, possibly, the city could produce. Jimmy found lots to attract

his attention. And amidst the luxurious cushions the music of organ and harps was so delightfully soothing that when the time came for departure he was loth to leave.

"Probably the richest congregation in the world!" announced Mr. Vandemeyer in a stage whisper as they wended their way down the aisle. "Half of them are millionaires. Did you notice that grey-haired old man opposite us?"

"A thin-faced, clean-shaven old man?" asked Jimmy, pricking up his ears.

"Yes. That's old Rockstone, the Railway King. Controls billions!"

"By Jove!" ejaculated Jimmy enthusiastically.

"And as utterly devoid of bowels of compassion as a steam-hammer. Would ruin his own father for the sport of the thing, if his private stocks demanded it," added Vandemeyer.

For a few moments, Jimmy, in silence, absent-mindedly watched the strings of gaily dressed women passing down the avenue. The mere mention of the great gambler, whose methods he had so often heard discussed, had been enough to set his pulses throbbing with excitement. He had already visited Wall Street several times as a spectator. He had also greedily absorbed the *modus operandi* of buying and selling on a margin. The money fever, which he himself had started as the result of his own unassisted imagination, was rapidly becoming an obsession. He had grown to think and dream of nothing else.

It was two days later that the opening for which Jimmy had prayed came to him, with an unexpectedness that fairly took his breath away.

He had dined *en famille* as the guest of a young married couple. After dinner, his hostess had declared her intention of introducing him to a fashionable roof-garden, where, beneath the stars, they could sit in coolness and listen to one of New York's most seductive orchestras. It was a scene to charm the most determined misanthrope. Jimmy was enchanted. Far below them the millions of lights of the city, with the shipping of the harbour and the river in the distance, presented a scene of scintillating fairyland.

The party of three had been sitting quietly at a table in a corner, from where they could see the ever-changing faces that entered. Suddenly Jimmy's host sprang to his feet and hurried across the garden. A grey-haired, clean-shaven man, who had at that moment stepped into their line of vision, smiled and waved his hand. For an instant, Jimmy, his brows contracted in thought, wondered where he had seen that ascetic face before. Then, with an exclamation that caused his hostess to stare in surprise, his whole attention became riveted upon the figure of the stranger who was now on his way to join their table. He had last seen that face in the church on Sunday. There was no mistaking it. It was the famous millionaire!

"Good evening, Uncle!" cried the young hostess. "How nice of you to join us! Let me present Mr. Cornish." She laughed gaily. "Harry and I are endeavouring to instil a love of roof-gardens into England."

"The task is an easy one," answered Jimmy politely.

"Uncle" suggested that a further study of American life should be undertaken in the shape of a certain alluring cocktail, only made in New York. Jimmy expressed his willingness with alacrity. At that moment he would have agreed to anything likely to keep him within the radius of the man whom Fortune had thrown so opportunely in his way. To be in the actual presence of a man of Mr. Rockstone's reputation was quite enough entertainment in itself. The bland expression and soft grey eyes of the old man afforded a most interesting study. The firm but sensitive lips and the sharply cut profile were those—so Jimmy noted—of no ordinary face. At present, however, the great man seemed entirely absorbed

[Continued overleaf.]

in the little pleasures of the moment. He drank his cocktail like any other man—indeed, if truth be spoken, he drank two.

Jimmy's brain was inordinately busy. To seize an opportunity was a maxim that had ever accorded with his mode of life. Such a chance might never occur again. It looked, in fact, as if the Fates had specially designed this meeting for his benefit. He must take the initiative—but how?

"Wall Street is a wonderful place!" he blurted forth, irrelevantly, at last.

"Yes," agreed his hostess—"a splendid place for losing money."

Jimmy's gaze was concentrated upon the old man's face. At his niece's remark he had not moved a muscle.

"Refuses to talk business after dinner," murmured Jimmy to himself.

"Have another cocktail?" suggested the old man.

"Yes, I suppose there is money lost there, as well as won," agreed Jimmy. "But," he added significantly, "I take it, one can win all right if one is properly advised. I—er—intend to have a flutter myself soon. I wonder what would be good things to go for?"

"Let me advise you to go, for the present, for one of these Manhattan cocktails," replied "Uncle" genially, pushing a glass across the table. "Stocks are the devil. Shouldn't wonder, though, if Eries fluttered up a bit soon. The present bear raid should be about over now."

"Eries, did you say?" whispered Jimmy hoarsely, swallowing his drink at a draught.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied the old man casually. "Who's for some supper down below? Who says oysters?"

Laughing merrily, his charming hostess slipped her arm through Jimmy's, and, before he knew where he was, he found himself descending the stairs to the restaurant. Apparently "Uncle's" invitations to supper were notoriously worthy of acceptance.

That night, Jimmy tossed from one side of his bed to the other, seeking that sleep which refused to solace his over-excited brain. A tip straight from the lips of such a man as Mr. Rockstone was worth a fortune. Over and over again through the silent watches of the night Jimmy added up his available resources. He was determined that every penny should go into Eries. What Eries were he, so far, knew not at all. To neglect, however, to take full advantage of a piece of advice emanating from such a source would indeed be suicidal. His throbbing brain pounded like a piston. Would daylight never come?

By nine o'clock in the morning he had boarded the elevated railway. To breakfast he had paid but scanty attention. To consult Mr. Vandemeyer regarding a suitable broker was his first and obvious course of action. The barrister's office was not difficult to find. And, early though it was, Vandemeyer was already at his desk.

"Hullo, Cornish!" cried the latter. "Glad to see you! You're evidently after the early worm. What's up?"

Jimmy threw a half-smoked cigarette into the empty grate, cast himself into a chair, and nervously readjusted his monocle.

"Where can I find a reliable broker?" asked he. "And what are Eries?"

"Humph!" grunted Vandemeyer. "That's it, is it? The Erie Railroad, I suppose you mean. Going to buy, are you?"

Jimmy, his elbows on his knees, leaned forward confidentially. Except for the sound of voices in the outer office, all was still.

"Yes. And I advise you to follow my example," replied he, with impressive slowness. "Last night, Mr. Rockstone—the Rockstone—told me to buy Eries. That is good enough for me."

"What?" exclaimed Vandemeyer incredulously. "Old Rockstone told you?"

"Yes. I met him at a roof-garden concert. I asked him what was best to buy at present. He advised Eries."

"Old Josiah Rockstone! Surely you are mistaken. At a concert?" repeated Vandemeyer. "Impossible! That is—er—it sounds incredible. Of course, if you say so—it is so. But, you see, I know something of Rockstone. Are you quite sure?"

"Absolutely!" insisted Jimmy. "The man you pointed out to me in church. He joined our party, and told me to buy Eries. I never forget a face. There can be no shadow of doubt. So, like a good fellow, please introduce me to your broker without delay."

Vandemeyer judiciously approximated the tips of his fingers, firmly compressed his lips, and focussed his astute attention upon the opposite wall. For an appreciable interval nothing but the ticking of the clock relieved Jimmy's impatience.

"Don't!" said Vandemeyer at last. "For Josiah Rockstone to tell you—an absolute stranger to him—to buy Eries, or, in fact, anything else in heaven or earth, can mean but one of two things. Either he has miraculously turned philanthropist, or he wishes the stock advertised. The latter contingency is so probable that I again say—don't."

Jimmy smiled superciliously.

"My dear Sir," answered he, "I am considered an excellent judge of physiognomy. Mr. Rockstone told me what he did in all honesty. I am much obliged for your friendly warning, but I shall buy Eries all the same."

"Well, as you like," retorted Vandemeyer. "I shan't."

Five minutes later, Jimmy, armed with an introduction to a broker, was hastening citywards. For some time, Vandemeyer, neglecting his work, sat brooding. That, under the circumstances, Eries could possibly be a safe deal he was unable to believe. Had he not been so pressed with work, he would have gone out into "the Street" and made a few inquiries. Presently, his chief clerk's knock at the door aroused his attention, and Jimmy was, for the time, forgotten. In fact, it was not until late that evening, when he opened his newspaper on the way to his apartments, that he was again able to give his undivided attention to Jimmy's news.

"Jehoshaphat!" ejaculated he, as he turned to the tape prices. "They are up. The blessed things are positively booming. I wonder how many shares that young gentleman bought."

To run to the telephone and ring up his broker's private address was the work of a moment. The answer to his inquiry was plain enough. Eries had been boomed on the strength of information emanating from a friend of Rockstone. Apparently a rumour, started early that morning, had spread like wildfire. Within a few hours after the Market had opened Eries were jumping.

"Ah!" murmured Vandemeyer, replacing the receiver. "Evidently Jimmy Cornish made no secret of his information, and the usual talkers did the rest."

The next minute, a ring from the telephone aroused him from his reverie. It was now Jimmy's voice that jubilantly called upon him to listen to a tale of success which was indeed hard to hear in patience. Apparently that ingenuous individual had not only invested every cent he possessed in Eries (on margin), but had spent most of the day in relating his experiences to everybody who would listen. And, what Vandemeyer considered more wonderful still, he had had the sense to get rid of his stock again before closing time at a profit of twenty per cent.

"Jehoshaphat!" repeated Vandemeyer impotently. "Where ignorance is bliss what madness it is to know too much! Oh, that I had been a greenhorn and believed also!"

The next evening, Vandemeyer, as Jimmy's guest, dined at the Waldorf. In a spirit of gratitude Jimmy had also invited the young couple through whose auspices he had made his coup. That the latter were related to the great Rockstone Jimmy had sedulously kept to himself. To explain one's methods of progress in mounting the ladder of life is apt to minimise one's importance—at all events, that was another of Jimmy's maxims. To meet his guests was a little surprise which he hoped Vandemeyer would fully appreciate when he had learned to whom they were related. To have kept his knowledge to himself indefinitely, especially when labouring under the excitement of having won more money in a day than he had ever before possessed in his whole life, was a task beyond his powers of sustained self-restraint.

After the first course, Jimmy raised his champagne-glass with a flourish.

"I drink," said he, "to the health of 'Uncle Rockstone.'"

"Uncle Rockstone? Who's he?" asked his pretty *vis-à-vis*, in unfeigned surprise.

Jimmy smiled urbanely.

"Why, your uncle, of course. I knew him at once last night. If he meant to remain incognito, I am afraid it was no use with me. I noticed that you cleverly failed to mention his name, but I am not quite so ignorant as not to recognise a man of such world-wide reputation as your uncle."

"This is indeed news," remarked she in wonder. "Uncle is certainly well known in New York, but his reputation can hardly, I should think, be described as world-wide. His published articles have been almost entirely connected with American law, I believe. He is reputed to have as good a knowledge of law as any Judge in the State, but that reputation must surely be purely local."

Vandemeyer's countenance expressed profound bewilderment.

"May I ask," said he, "of whom you are speaking?"

"Of my uncle, Judge Reynolds, of course," replied she. "Why Mr. Cornish has nicknamed him 'Rockstone' I cannot imagine."

"Ye gods!" stammered Vandemeyer. "So that is the explanation, is it? The Judge occupies a seat in St. Bartholomew's Church immediately behind Mr. Rockstone."

"What?" cried Jimmy—"the wrong man? But he certainly advised me—"

Vandemeyer interrupted with a roar of laughter.

"He certainly caused you to start Eries moving," guffawed he. "What his name might be was of little importance."

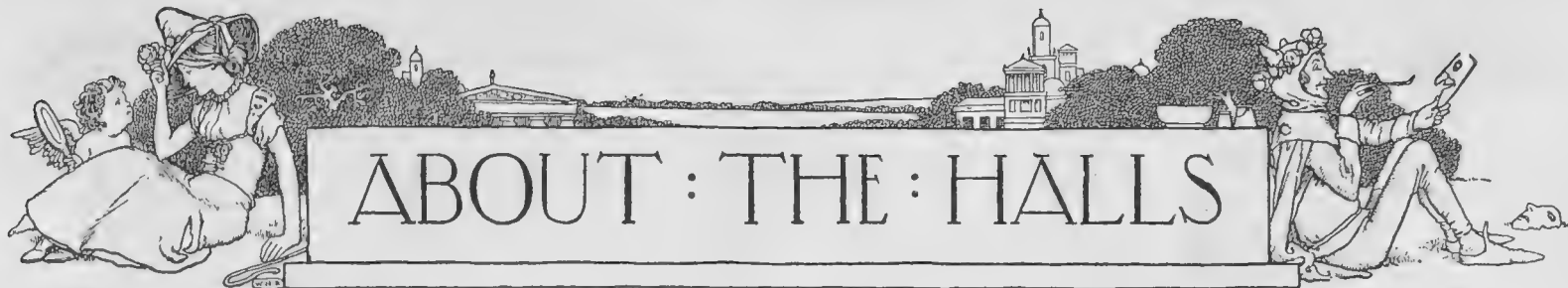
During the few minutes that followed, Jimmy's countenance passed through such varied phases of expression that Vandemeyer gurgled—with ill-suppressed mirth. And the explanation which followed for the delectation of the others lost nothing by the lawyer's spirited comments upon Jimmy's delightful persistence in following up a false scent to his own advantage.

But, false or not, true it is that, in this case at all events, where ignorance can produce such results as lay to Jimmy's banking account, why be afflicted with wisdom?

"To 'Uncle—Rockstone!'" cried Vandemeyer, draining his glass.

Jimmy joined heartily in the laugh. He could well afford it, for once.

THE END.



A LITTLE FOWL PLAY—IN DÉSHABILLE—A LAUNDRIETTE.

THERE is no knowing where the variety stage intends to stop, for it is not only absorbing at a great pace the exponents of the "legit," but it is overflowing its banks. Mr. Charles Hawtrey's appearance at the Coliseum has been closely followed by Mr. Harry Lauder's invasion of the Comedy Theatre. It can scarcely be said that the latter achieved such a triumph in "A Scrape o' the Pen" that there is any danger of his being tempted to throw off his allegiance to the Halls and adhere to comedy for the future, but he certainly proved that he could act. His promise, or threat, to play Hamlet need not be taken too seriously. Mr. Charles Hawtrey's début at the Coliseum was a complete success. The rather clumsily named playlet, "A Little Fowl Play," by Harold Owen, in which he appeared, provides him with a part which fits him like the proverbial glove. Gilbert Warren is a young novelist whose masterpieces, like the bread upon the waters, return to him after many days. We find him and his young wife in a vast and gorgeous flat, the possessors of not one copper coin. Impecuniosity has him in its iron grip, but he is unscrupulous and resourceful. There is nothing for dinner and no means of obtaining anything, for credit is exhausted; but the providential depositing in his flat of a plump capon intended for a neighbour offers him an opportunity which he is not slow to seize. Mr. Hawtrey is delightfully himself in the part. The sophistry of the arguments by which he seeks to overcome the scruples of his wife, and the aplomb with which he greets the old gentleman from downstairs who is the rightful owner of the bird, are given in his best and easiest vein. He is to be congratulated upon the support he receives, for Miss Gertrude Thornton plays the part of the harassed wife to perfection. The young actress has no easy task set her, but she emerges triumphant. Altogether, "A Little Fowl Play" is a capital merry-maker, and should keep the Halls laughing for many a long day.

Fiddle and I.

Apparently the Alhambra is undismayed by the fulminations directed against the Palace, whose license the Bishop of London, it is rumoured, intends to oppose, on the ground of alleged impropriety in Miss Gaby Deslys' performance. It is questionable whether there is any sound foundation for these rumours, and I think the Bishop would be ill advised in attempting anything of the kind. At any rate, the Alhambra seems to have no fear, and has not been deterred from producing "The Mastery of Music: A Parisian Episode," in which Miss Muriel Ridley goes through pretty much the same amount of disrobing as the fair Gaby undertook at the Palace. Here we are introduced to a richly upholstered apartment, and an equally richly upholstered Parisienne. Here is also a talented violinist who has

apparently inspired the lady with a reckless love. Throwing off most of the upholstery, she dances and poses in clothing which affords considerable scope for such exercises, what time the violinist plays divers music to her; and, music sustaining its ancient reputation for powers to soothe the savage breast, she suddenly collapses and falls to the ground in a swoon. The trifle is very satisfactorily performed. Miss Muriel Ridley, whose admirable work as the Nun in "The Miracle" will not be readily forgotten, gives a picturesque rendering of the part of the temptress, and Mr. Rohan Clensy of course plays the fiddle very well indeed. The music, being by

Mr. George Byng, is tuneful and musicianly, and the mounting is all that could be desired. The audience appeared to be thoroughly satisfied with the whole thing, and gave no indication that it felt shocked, or that it sat in fear of demoralisation. There may be something in the view that the actual act of undressing stands in some danger of being overdone, but, after all, the only persons who take offence are those who do not attend this class of entertainment, and their *locus standi* is a little difficult to discover.

The Blue, the Fresh.

It has become the fashion nowadays for every music-hall to have at least one lengthy turn on its programme. Both the Empire and the Alhambra have adopted the practice of presenting an elongated revue, and other houses have taken dramas and musical comedies and "potted" them to suit their convenience. The Hippodrome management, not to be outdone, has conceived the idea of providing a new and original musical comedy, or, to use its own word, "laundriette," entitled "The Blue House." In one respect it differs essentially from its prototype of the theatre, for the book, lyrics, and production are all the work of one hand—Mr. Austen Hurgon's—while it has

taken only one composer—Mr. Emerich Kalmán—to evolve the music. That these gentlemen have had the daring to dispense with collaborators shows a commendable self-confidence, and a self-confidence which may be said to have justified itself. The scene is laid in the Blue House, a fashionable



THE SISTERS' BLACKAMOR? THE SILHOUETTE DANCE IN "KILL THAT FLY," AT THE NEW ALHAMBRA.



THE SHADOW BALLET: DANCING SILHOUETTES IN "KILL THAT FLY," AT THE NEW ALHAMBRA.

A feature of the Alhambra revue is a shadow ballet—dancers seen in silhouette.

Photographs taken for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.

laundry founded and run by the Hon. Chippendale St. Arch, who with his friend, Major Claude E. Starkey, comes to pay a visit of inspection. I should find some difficulty in setting forth the plot in detail, and there is no necessity to attempt the task. To analyse the plot of a musical comedy has long overtaxed the ingenuity of the critic, and a "laundriette" is no exception to the rule. Suffice it to say that the piece affords full scope for the humours of Mr. Bert Coote and Mr. Gerald O'Brien, and also introduces us to Miss Shirley Kellogg, who at once found favour with her audience. ROVER.



ON THE LINKS

GOLF POLITICS: THE GOLF UNION PROPOSAL, THE ANGLO-SCOTTISH MATCH, AND THE LADIES' FINAL.

A Golf Onlooker. It is only when, after a surfeit of golf and of the consideration of golf, we begin to think of questions outside the actual immediate playing of the game that we realise again what an intensely interesting world of golf this one

is that we live in now, and how it seems to increase in interest all the time. I know a man of some eminence (among other major distinctions, he is a Member of Parliament) who has so far successfully resisted the temptation to become a golfer—not always without some great sufferings of soul. The nearest he ever came to playing was to take part in a clock-driving competition in a suburban drawing-room. But he assures me that he is unceasingly happy and continuously interested in his study of golf from the outside. He watches it whenever he can, and understands methods and styles; he knows the big players and many of the famous courses, and can

not one of the kind that fulfil long-felt wants, and it seems to me that the world of golf has done rather wisely in treating it with some coldness. The criticisms of the premier club and the way it goes about things governmental have been particularly virulent this time, yet all the same, particularly innocuous, for the reason that they have been chiefly directed, or anyhow initiated, from one quarter, that being one that was smarting from a sense of injured pride and the feeling that in a trivial matter it had been slighted. So I do not think we shall have the Royal and Ancient dethroned this time. Another question that has suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly arisen, and which in some sense is more interesting and important than any of the others, is that which concerns the fate of the amateur international match between England and Scotland, an engagement the management of which has often been discussed and severely criticised. It has been announced by a gentleman of authority that in consequence of the lack of interest in this annual fixture it is unlikely to be held any more, and that it will probably be out of the programme at the championship meeting at St. Andrews next year. Forthwith there was one party who heaved a sigh and said that this determination was excellent, and there was another party who groaned and moaned that it was too dreadful. The sighs have ceased, but the groans continue. It was ever thus; you cannot satisfy everybody. The international match has not been by any means an unalloyed success, but there have been times when it has been a splendid thing, notably in 1910 at Hoylake, when Mr. C. V. L. Hooman, then a University player not gone down, won the match for England by a magnificent victory over Mr. Edward Blackwell—one of the best things of its kind in the whole history of golf. If we could always have matches anything like this there would be a good right to complain of any attempt to abolish the fixture.

The Ladies' Final. And there are many other matters besides these greater ones that are hardly less interesting. Another attempt is just being made—and, indeed, looks like being successful—to establish an eighteenpenny ball among the first-class balls, with, of course, dire danger to the half-crown articles. And the ladies have important matters of a political kind on hand also, the reigning champion, Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, having put the question to a hundred representative players as to whether they would not prefer the final of the ladies' championship to be over



GOLFING ON THE CHESHIRE COUNTY COURSE, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess played round the course during a recent week-end visit to Mrs. Arthur Knowles, at Alvaston Hall, Nantwich.—[Photograph by Topical.]

quote statistics enough to pass any Bill about golf through three readings in the House of Commons. He says he finds this stuff of the world of golf within the big world in general most interesting, and I believe he does. That being so, how much more should we of golf find it fascinating to us! But generally we play so much that we have little leisure to stop and look round. Just at this time, however, when the summer season is at an end, the days are being rapidly shortened, and there is a disposition to talk all kinds of shop round the club fireside after the afternoon round is over, golf politics come in for special attention, and they are in full blast at the present moment—about the best crop of golf politics we have ever had.

Governmental Questions. Of course, there has been the usual grand revival of our old friend the proposal for the Golf Union, together with the criticisms of what might be called the Centre party on the way in which the Royal and Ancient Club manages the government of the game. This year we have had a definite proposal for the establishment of a Union, with a peer and some other dignitaries inviting applications for membership; but the scheme was



AN INVASION OF THE LINKS: THE BROWN ARMY CROSSING THE GOLF COURSE ON CLEEVE COMMON DURING THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS FIELD-DAY NEAR CHELTENHAM.

The holes of the Cheltenham Golf Club's course are at altitudes varying from 700 to 1000 feet above sea-level, on Cleeve Common.

Photograph by Sport and General.

thirty-six holes instead of eighteen. She has received affirmative replies from many of them, and the matter will be argued at the forthcoming meeting of the L.G.U.

HENRY LEACH.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Pensive Penguin.

In a world which is becoming every day more distraught, there is a certain amount of serenity to be acquired by visiting pretty frequently the penguins at the Zoological Gardens. Surrounded by barking, leaping, "advertising" seals—who show every characteristic of modern pushfulness and unrest—the penguins, in their neat black-and-white costumes, afford an object-lesson to fretful humanity on the advantages of the contemplative life. These engaging polar fowl stand about on rocks in little groups, heedless of the undignified antics of their fellow-prisoners, the seals, who willingly make themselves look foolish in order to obtain a small and inexpensive fish. The penguins stand about like Orientals, contemplating the Infinite, only occasionally exchanging views. Yet when one bird decides to come down, carefully feeling his way, in a waddling movement, the others invariably decide to follow, when they usually advance in a little procession which appeals irresistibly to the spectator. But nothing is done in a hurry by penguins, and you feel that the pros and cons of the question have been thoroughly thrashed out even before they ventured down the gravel path towards the railings. The handsome King Penguin, in his beautiful blue coat and yellow collar, is, to be sure, much more in touch with outside affairs, and will frequently proceed, with a highly regal gait, into the house in which distinguished visitors await him. This is always a signal for debate among the smaller penguins, who, like loyal Britons, take an almost exaggerated interest in the doings of royalty. But King Penguin shows no signs yet of being spoiled, and will even sometimes affably mix with the visitors to the Gardens, until enticed into his domain again by an anxious keeper. The tiny colony of Penguin People is decidedly one of the most alluring features of the collection in Regent's Park.

The Way to Popularity.

Everybody has his favourite animal, bird, fish, or insect—at the "Zoo" there are even individuals who adore tortoises—yet it is extraordinary how easily a huge popularity (with consequent buns) is attained by any animal who applies his brains to the problem. At the Gardens, as at the theatre, the British public demands above all things to be amused. Any "exhibit" who will take the trouble to learn a trick or make itself look absurd is sure of admiring crowds from morn till sunset, as well as an unending meal. The sportive little bears, who sit up on hind-legs and clap their paws for joy when a jam-pot is in sight are handsomely repaid for their antics. So fascinating is the pastime of feeding bears with sweets from a long-handled spoon, that the procession of jam-bearers, especially on a Sunday, is now almost unending. There is one fluffy bear who has invented a special "turn" of his own, which consists of thrusting his paws up and down through the aperture at the bottom of his cage, while he chortles with joy at the scent of honey or conserves. In short, these intelligent creatures

understand, quite as well as any star comedian of the music-halls, how to attract—and retain—the attention of an audience. And there are quantities of aloof and rather misanthropic-looking animals to whom no one gives more than a passing glance, and never anything more substantial. Even at the "Zoo" the public must be dexterously played up to, just as certain famous painters and dramatists of the present day have deliberately performed antics in order to call attention to talents which might have been passed over if they had maintained a dignified attitude.

Woman's Web.

That eminent statesman, Li Hung Chang, deplored the habits of Western officialdom, especially that of early rising (which he righteously detested), but still more the custom of going out in the evening to parties, because, as he wisely saw, it is in the drawing-room that women, in the present state of affairs, have their sole power, and where intrigue and cabals are sure to be carried on. He deplored and feared the arts and wiles of the feminine sex in politics and affairs, having, to be sure, at home, an Empress who was a past-mistress of Oriental astuteness and duplicity. People familiar with English politics are aware that it is not at "crushes" that policies are framed or inside ropes are pulled. When the political hostess, in February, opens her house to the rank and file, or begins her "party" dinners, everything is already settled, and there is hardly a bone to throw to any of the hungry adherents to whichever side is in power. At the dinner-table, certainly, woman is to be reckoned with, politically, but most of all is she powerful in the country-house, or in her own sanctum in town. One might put it that the hours between five and

seven, when even busy politicians sometimes drink tea alone with influential women, are the most dangerous hours of the day in respect of feminine cabals.

Where People Laugh.

After not having heard anyone laugh loud for some long time, it was curious to hear peals of inextinguishable mirth as one descended the steps of the Grafton Gallery the other day in quest of Post-Impressionist Art. It is quite evident that the average citizen pays his shilling in Grafton Street in order to be able to give vent to these explosions of hilarity. It is a curious phenomenon at a picture-show; but Emile Zola, many years ago, described just such a scene at the "Vernissage" of the Paris Salon. The much-derided canvases of those days are now regarded as masterpieces, for were they not pictures by Manet, Renoir, and Claude Monet? It must be conceded that most of the efforts of MM. Matisse and Picasso in the present show lend themselves easily enough to the ridicule of the bourgeois, who has not an idea what the artist wishes to express, and sees only something which he has never beheld before in a gold frame at a modish exhibition. Yet who knows if the scientific generation which is now growing up may not revel in the mysticism of the Cubists and count them as great as Leonardo?



MILLINERY A LA MODE: CHAPEAUX PARISIENS.

In the top left-hand corner is a small turban of closely pleated black velvet, worn very much down on the head. In front it has a high brush of white and yellow aigrettes. Next to it, on the right, is a black-velvet toque turned up at both sides, fitting well on to the head and very low on the nape of the neck. On the left, underneath, is a hat of soft white felt, turned up at one side to show a close-fitting turban of black velvet, which envelops the hair. On the extreme right is a large black velvet picture hat, with a small round crown and long black aigrettes placed either way on the side of the brim.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Killing Time. A very tough old gentleman to tackle, but more feeble in London than anywhere else. There are so many methods of disposing of him—from picture-palaces to games of coon-can! I am not sure if I have spelled that delectable game right. It seems a curious reaction from the stiff brain-work of bridge to the futility of the new popular amusement. Probably its popularity consists in the ease with which any fool can win or lose money. When the enterprising shopper tires of shopping there is the picture-palace, another antidote to brain-fag, for the stories told by the films are plain as any pikestaff. The woman who manages to make time ill by trying on hats and coats that she does not mean to buy finishes the poor old thing off by seeing life from a seat in a waiting-room at one of the big stations. There is a wave of economy over the executioners of poor old Time among our leisured



TWO LOVELY GLAD EYES: KIKI MEETS HER "DOUBLE" IN THE WEST END. Monday of this week—the 4th—was the first anniversary of "The Glad Eye," at the Strand Theatre, and the occasion of the 402nd performance. The photograph shows Miss Ethel Dane, who plays Kiki, meeting her "double" in the street. The latter has been going about the West End, with a milliner's box, impersonating Kiki for the sweet uses of advertisement.

middle classes. A similar wave of economy of brain-work seems to be coming over the upper leisured classes! Dancing is apparently the one and only evening amusement they can devise, and they are all blasé with it. Even turkey trots, Boston dips, bunny hugs, and other equally attractively named forms of terpsichorean art fail to please after the plethora of dances that distinguished the past two years. Time takes a lot of killing in the evening; on the whole, he is most easily vanquished in bed; but bed is hopelessly out of fashion before the wee sma' hours with the London young folk of to-day!

"Perfectly Exquisite." When a Queen says this of anything, one wants to know what that thing is. The Queen in question is Elizabeth of great and good memory, as portrayed by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and what she thus designates is the Iroma perfume of the Crown Perfumery Company. It is distinctively fresh and subtle and entrancing. Queen Elizabeth would have said so had she known the perfume; as it is, her modern representative has so written of it, and the Queen of His Majesty's Theatre is no bad judge.

A Big Man's Marriage. The Marquess of Tweeddale is a big man in many ways besides stature. He is of second rank in the Peerage, he is a big landowner, and a hunter of big game. Like many tall and stalwart men, he is marrying a petite and dainty lady, Miss Marguerite Ralli, daughter of Mrs. Einstein, and cousin of Lord Tweeddale's sister-in-law, Lady Arthur Hay, who was Miss Menda Ralli, daughter of the late Mr. Ambrose Ralli and of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Stonor. It is curious to recall at the present juncture that the ancestors of Miss Ralli fled to this country and to France at the time of the Turkish massacres at Chios in 1821. While she is of Greek extraction, Lord Tweeddale's handsome mother is by birth a Roman. Mrs. Einstein's husband, step-father of the bride-elect, is an American, and is a diplomatist and an author.

Superstitions. These are going out of fashion. Miss Dorothy Benson, the pretty little bride of that fine soldier Captain Hereward Wake, D.S.O., had a number of black opal, flash-black opal, and fire-opal ornaments among her wedding-presents. October is the opal month, she was married in it, possibly also she was born in it, and

being so, is immune from the bad influence said to be exercised by this gem. Whether or not this is so, she possesses some jewels that are quite out of the usual run. The black opal and diamond hair-ornament given to her by her three brothers is a lovely thing. The black-flash opal and diamond marquise ring, the gift of her young sister, is as remarkable as it is beautiful, and the fire-opals given her by her godmother, the Duchess of Portland, are very handsome. She is a petite, dainty, and very pretty bride, and has married into a family descended from Hereward le Wac, son of Leofric Lord of Bourne. They were summoned to Parliament as Barons as far back as 1295. The barony passed to the Crown in the person of the Fair Maid of Kent, wife of the Black Prince and mother of Richard II. The Wake Knot is the crest of the family, and the bridegroom gave the bride a diamond brooch in this device—a pleasant reminder that the Wakes' Knot never comes untied.



SOLOIST AT A RECENT TCHAIKOVSKY CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL: MISS DORA GIBSON.

Miss Gibson, who is a dramatic soprano, was the soloist at a special Tchaikovsky Concert given at the Albert Hall on October 27. She was supported by the New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald.

Photograph by R. Bradshaw.

Coats, Fabrics, and Furs. The new long coats all wrap over and fasten to one side—to many a draped effect is given. At the smart weddings of last week every second woman wore a long wrap overcoat. I find that velours frappé is a fabric immensely in favour. It has the design in tiny checks or lines or crescents, or any little wee device carried out in velvet pile, while the ground is a contrasting colour, so that a shot effect results. It is very *chic* in coats and skirts, or for the long wrap overcoats mentioned above. There is a new fur called peccan. I cannot vouch for the spelling, having never seen it written; it is of sable colouring, but harder and more wiry, the tails blacker, and the skins larger. It is now a high price in Paris, and next year will be much higher. Mole-skin does not hold the position it did. In Paris it is said to be *démodé*. Here it is not that as yet, but it is not in the first flight for smartness.

Whoever wants to know what a "bachelor honeymoon" is should read Mr. James Milne's "John Jonathan and Company" (Chapman and Hall), which contains certain confessions elucidating that cryptic phrase in



A RED CROSS RECRUIT: THE HON. HILDA LEGH.

Miss Legh is the second of the three daughters of Lord and Lady Newton, of Lyme Park, Disley, near Stockport. She has just joined the newly formed Red Cross Society at Disley, whose members are mainly recruited from girls of the village.



NOT IN UNIVERSITY COSTUME: A BRONZE BATHER IN THE HARBOUR OF COPENHAGEN.

This little bronze figure, by the Danish sculptor E. Erichsen, has recently been put up in the harbour of Copenhagen. It represents a legendary maiden called "the Little Port Woman."

the sub-title. Primarily, the book describes, in a pleasant anecdotal style, a journey over the Atlantic, through America and Canada, and home again to England.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 13.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE settlement last week passed off without any serious trouble, although three failures were announced and more than one member was hard hit. Only a small speculative position was revealed in more directions. The success of the Balkan allies is generally considered to have made the final settlement more delicate; but still a much more cheerful feeling has lately been manifest. Paris and Berlin are still very sensitive, and only a slight hint of complications in the situation would lead to another bout of selling—so any marked improvement over here is unlikely for the present, and caution continues to be necessary.

Consols and other British funds have been remarkably steady, and the stocks of the combatant nations have made a sharp recovery. Among Foreign Rails the changes have been irregular—Mexican issues being higher owing to better news as to the rebellion. The heavy fall in Guayaquil was due to the forced liquidation of a large account; and a recovery has already commenced.

Mines have been dull and heavy, and, with few exceptions, the same can be said of the Miscellaneous section. Peninsular and Orient Deferred provided the feature of the week with a rise of 40 points on Thursday, and a further 10 later. All the old rumours of amalgamation and absorption have been revived again, and we would repeat our opinion that, in spite of official denials, an announcement of something of this nature will be made before very long. Royal Mails have also enjoyed a big rise.

RUBBER.

The position of the Rubber Market is an interesting one at present, as, although the decline in the value of plantation rubber has been persistent during the last two months, all the large offerings at public sale have been easily absorbed, and there has generally been a better tendency at the close of each auction than at the beginning.

Among Mincing Lane people with whom we have discussed the question, the general opinion seems to be that a reaction in favour of producers cannot be long delayed—in fact, a better tone is expected at the auctions next week, when a more moderate quantity will be offered. Another fact which strengthens this view is that while the price of first latex on the spot is 4s. 1d. per lb., the quotation for delivery over the whole of next year is 4s. 2d.—a quite unusual state of affairs.

We have often pointed out that there are a good many bargains among the shares of rubber companies, although there are many shares which are still much overvalued; and we think that anyone looking for a high-yielding, speculative investment might go far and fare much worse than in purchasing shares in sound companies, such as Pataling, Cicely Damansara, etc. Among the "florin" shares, Chota or Chersonese have prospects as long shots.

MARCONIS.

The inquiry on the Marconi contract by the Special Committee has not, so far, given us very much that is startling, nor do we think it is likely to do so.

Mr. Lawson has returned to the attack in the latest number of the *National Review*, but it seems a pity that he refers again to the question of Ministers being implicated. He admits himself that nothing can be definitely proved, and the really important question is whether the contract was an advantageous one for the public. From the evidence at the inquiry, the Poulsen system does not appear to have received the amount of attention to which it is fairly entitled. Besides being in use between San Francisco and Honolulu, this system has been adopted by the German navy, and at the end of August the Canadian Government agreed to give the Company a subsidy of £15,000 a year to erect stations in Canada.

That the Government Whips will ensure the ratification of the Marconi agreement is pretty certain, but the Poulsen system looks like being a formidable rival in other directions.

MODDERFONTEIN.

The cable received last week from the New Modderfontein property is of immense importance, not only to this Company, but also to all companies operating in the far-eastern Rand. At present the reef is only exposed in a portion of the shaft, and it must be some time before any further news is received. 26.9 dwt. over a width of forty-two inches is a splendid assay.

The position of this Company was very satisfactory, apart from this new development. Last year the ore-reserves were increased by 700,000 tons, and their whole value improved by 4 dwt. per ton. The consulting engineer estimates that there will be eight-and-a-quarter million tons of ore in sight by June of next year.

At present the yield on the shares is not high, but prospects are for higher dividends in the near future, and this new strike strengthens this view. The chairman's speech at the meeting on the 6th inst. should be very interesting.

THE ENTRE RIOS COMPANY.

The Report of this Company made a very unsatisfactory showing in so far as it referred to last year's working. Owing to the various difficulties which the Company has had to meet, in common with other Argentine companies, the gross receipts at £472,100 showed a decline of £6628 as compared with last year; while working expenses have increased by £37,670. As a result of this, and of increased charges in various directions, no dividend is declared on the Ordinary shares, which received 1½ per cent. a year ago.

These figures, however, are completely overshadowed by the importance of the details of the proposed amalgamation with the Argentine Railway Company. Briefly, the proposal is for the Argentine Company to take over the entire control and management of the Entre Rios Company, and to guarantee each year a sum sufficient to pay an agreed dividend on the Ordinary stock. This dividend is to commence with 2 per cent. in the current year, and to rise to 5 per cent. in four years' time. The Company, therefore, will have only to earn their full Preference dividends to ensure these distributions on the Ordinary stock. Of course, in the unlikely event of their failing in this, the Ordinary stockholders would suffer.

We consider the offer is a very fair one, and this appears to be the Market view, since the price of stock has advanced several points, in spite of the general depression.

UNITED STATES STEEL.

The increased activity which has been apparent in the general trade of the United States during the last few months is reflected in the earnings of this undertaking for the September quarter. A distinct improvement is shown over the first six months of the year. The total earnings during the period, after deducting working expenses, amounted to 30,063,000 dols.; an improvement of 4,961,000 dols. over the June quarter, and the amount available, after deducting interest, depreciation, etc., is now 15,094,000 dols., against 12,715,000 dols. for the June quarter, and the usual dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum has been declared on the Common stock. Unfilled orders on hand on Sept. 30 also showed a satisfactory increase at 6,552,000 tons.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Next thing to stop business will be the coming of Christmas. This is not to say that markets won't be fairly good: it is our usual experience that towards the end of the year the tendency is to give prices a bit of a lift, and several reasons conspire to this end. We look to money, for instance, to become cheaper in the New Year; we most of us have the sentimental idea that the turning over of a new leaf in the calendar will encourage things to brace up round the markets: various holding companies which make up their books to the end of December are not averse from bidding up prices of things in which they are interested, in order that their assets may present a better appearance in the annual balance-sheet; and so one might go on giving sound enough explanations for the firmer markets that frequently obtain during the last month of any year. The war has led to the markets being in a highly oversold state, and if the bulls were able to organise a live campaign, they would have things very much their own way as soon as the buying had absorbed the wreckage left over from the two crises of last month. No doubt there is far too much of this loose stock floating about, and the situation won't grow comfortable until the rumble of the war—with all its attendant fears—becomes more subdued, and until it is patent that "The Steam-Roller" was it not Lord Salisbury who so described the Concert of Europe?—has no intention of going on the war-path.

Where brokers, especially, have suffered is not only through clients failing to meet their differences, but through others paying them short. There was any amount of the latter last account, and, naturally, it has only to be multiplied to become a serious matter in many offices. What clients don't seem to realise is that brokers have to pay difference and stock cheques on demand, on the settlement day when the money is due. The clients have a little knack of being a day or so late, of paying with country cheques, and so on. It is in most cases a mere oversight, or lack of understanding the position, but nevertheless the practices have the effect, sometimes, of falling awkwardly for the broker. Our clients, after all, are our very good friends, and what we should do without them I am as unable to imagine as I am to guess how they would get along without us.

As just one illustration of kindness of feeling, I may mention that a client gave his broker an order to buy some shares which are always difficult to get hold of, and for several weeks none came on offer. One day the broker heard of a small parcel in the North, and on his getting on to his client, the latter said—

"Oh, I was just going to ring you up. There are some of those shares advertised in to-day's —, and at my price."

The broker answered that he was then trying to obtain the offer in the provinces; but, said he, "I am not tied up in any way. You go to the —, and save yourself commission."

The client laughed, and even over the telephone the broker thought he could catch a twinkle of the eye.

"No, thank you," he replied. "You have had all the trouble; the — price is made on the Stock Exchange quotation; I don't want to rob you of a bit of commission on this transaction. And perhaps you'll get me the shares cheaper than the —, after all."

To round off the story neatly, it should have happened that the broker bought the shares more cheaply than they were offered in the paper; but, in point of fact, he gave the same price for them, and the client was fully satisfied, though had he gone to the paper direct, he would have saved seven-and-sixpence on this particular transaction. The broker, of course, refused to deal with the — himself, and refused to take shares from them when asked by a client to do so.

[Continued on page xii.]

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"OFFICER 666" is one more to the flood of unimportant American pieces in our theatres—unimportant except in number and hardship upon native authors dispossessed by such works as this "melodramatic farce." For the play at the Globe is merely a kind of hash of the "Raffles," "Arsène Lupin," and "Sherlock Holmes" play, made with little ingenuity, worked out by the familiar puppets, and exhibiting peculiarly small skill in the introduction of the necessary love-interest. There is one rather novel feature about Mr. Augustine MacHugh's work: it possesses two heroes—one who has the beginning and end of the play, whilst the other owns the middle. The latter is the gentleman burglar who, thanks to the imbecility of the New York police, escapes in the end. If the police of New York are as wicked as the Becker trial suggests, and as stupid as they appear in American plays, the fact that anyone is alive or owns anything except real estate in that city shows great benevolence or indolence in her criminals. Mr. Dan'l Moyles acted amusingly as a thick-headed Irish policeman—Officer 666—whose uniform is used by each of the heroes in turn; he seems to be a character-actor of considerable ability. Mr. Eddinger played rather agreeably as the other hero. Miss Viva Birkett looked charming as the heroine, but has little chance of showing her talent as actress. The burglar's part was well enough presented by Mr. John Milner; but, like most of the company, he lacks the "snap" needed for this kind of play.

Miss Morris's rather curious programme at the Court makes an agreeable entertainment, if a little disappointing. One looks for more from Mr. Maurice Hewlett than the mere devising of a classical ballet nothing in which suggests a master hand or mind. Still, "Callisto" is a pretty affair, and was charmingly mimed and danced by Miss Morris. And Mr. Galsworthy's allegory, "The Little Dream," though the writing is beautiful, is puzzling and not very dramatic. Miss Irene Clarke acted agreeably in it. The dances of Miss Morris at the close of the evening were quite delightful. If Miss Maud Allan had not enjoyed so long a season, Miss Morris would be drawing all the town, for her work is quite as clever and charming.

The great Mr. Harry Lauder has appeared in "the legitimate," and the world still goes on as before. His performance as Geordie Pow, in "A Scrape o' the Pen," is an excellent piece of comic acting. I do not see how the part could be acted better, or in a way showing a better understanding of the actor's methods. One cannot, from so small a part, however, form much opinion as to Mr. Lauder's

histrionic gifts, any more than one could judge the strength of an elephant's trunk by watching it pick up a Camembert cheese. At the least nothing could be more promising than his Geordie Pow.

The Follies are back again at the Apollo, and very welcome too, even if the new programme does not show them at their best, and we miss the young familiar faces of the ladies of the company, of whom we all were fond. However, the group of male Follies is intact. The new songs and stories of the first part are excellent as a group, and the burlesque Symphonic Tone Poem is funny. "S' Kippers," the three-scene farce, is based on an amusing idea worked out on too big a scale. The skit upon revues is a little ponderous; at times it is quite amusing, at times the fun flags sadly; one is forced to confess that the Follies are sprinters, and that their long-distance efforts rarely show sustained comic invention.

The Drama Society are inspired by enthusiasm, as is shown by the ambitious programme which they have already carried out, but they can hardly be congratulated on the plays they produced at the Clavier Hall last week. A certain interest attached to "Contrasts," for its author was the ex-Censor, Mr. G. A. Redford; it proved to be a very mild, little affair, commonplace in structure, and without a hint of drama in it. A young stockbroker told his artistic wife that she must not meet a certain poet, and the wife obeyed, and that was about all. But Mr. Redford as a playwright was more successful than Mr. Rathmell Wilson and Miss Muriel Hutchinson, who wrote "The Experimentalists." It was an attempt to discuss the question whether or not it is permissible for young people to test each other's characters by living together before taking the irrevocable step of marriage; but both the play and the acting were of an unreal kind which is better passed over in silence, except that a word of praise may be given to Miss Rita Spouli and Miss Winefride Borrow.

"A Penny Bunch," the new comedieta at the Vaudeville, by Mr. Lyons and "Henry Seton" (otherwise Miss Vera Beringer), is a great deal better than most Cockney sketches. There is a surprising degree of truth, as well as humour, in it; and the dialogue, if occasionally too clever, as a rule is natural as well as amusing—natural apart from the necessary absence of the mere garnishing adjectives. Miss Lilian Mason played the part of an elderly flower-girl very cleverly, and with quite nice art. Miss Esmé Hubbard's accent did not seem pinned on as firmly as her gaudy hat, but she acted well in other respects. "A Penny Bunch" serves as prelude to "Little Miss Llewelyn," which, by its broad humours and pretty touches of sentiment, delighted the audience. Everyone was enthusiastic over the delicious performance of Miss Hilda Trevelyan and the clever acting of Mr. Edmund Gwenn.

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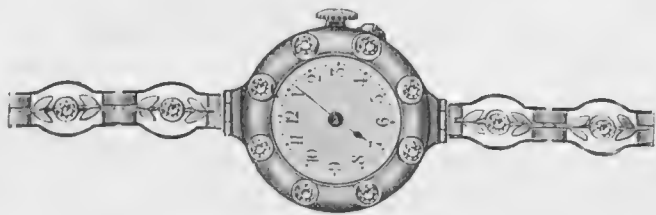
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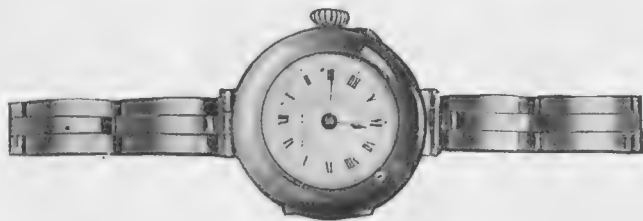
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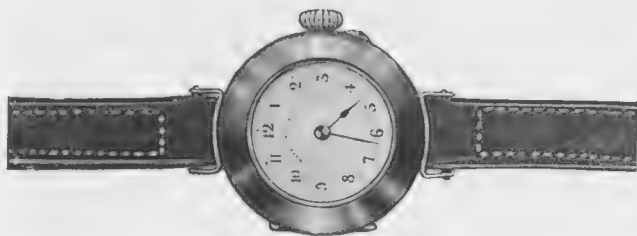
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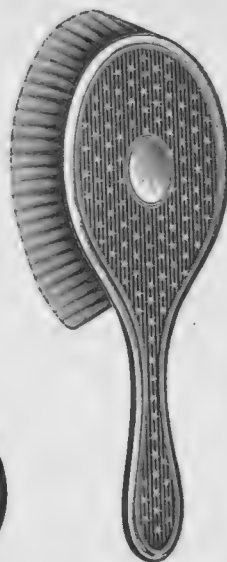
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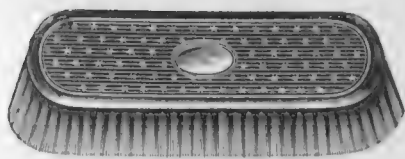
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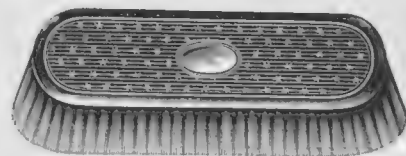
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Sneezing, coughing, stuffiness in the nose and discharge are all brought about by the effort of the membrane to get rid of the attacking germs, and the great danger is that unless Peps are taken promptly the germs will work their way down into the lungs, sowing the seeds of bronchitis, influenza, pneumonia, pleurisy, and chest-weakness.

Destroy All Germs.

As a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth, powerful medicinal and germicidal fumes immediately circulate with the breath through the air-passages and destroy all germs that have got into the nostrils and throat. At the same time the sore, inflamed membrane is soothed, healed, and protected; phlegm is released from the bronchial tubes, breathing is made easy, and that choked-up sensation disappears. By this quick and direct Peps breatheable treatment, dangerous trouble is kept off the lungs.

PEPS

The Silver-Jacketed Tablets.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES.



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SCENT OF ARABY *Regd*

The essence of a thousand flowers, culled from the gardens of Araby, distilled to make a perfect harmony of fragrance, delicate, dainty and lasting, yet never overpowering, "Shem-el-Nessim" is indeed

An Inspiration in Perfume

Beside the scent, "Shem-el-Nessim" has been combined with a complete outfit of toilet accessories, so that the same sweet fragrance may be enjoyed in every part of the toilet. Perfume, 2/6, 4/6, and 8/6. Hair Lotion, 3/3. Toilet Water, 3/- Bath Crystals, 2/6 and 4/6. Face Powder, 1/-. Dentifrice, 1/-. Toilet Cream, 1/9 per pot. Soap, 1/- per tablet. Brilliantine, 1/- and 1/9. Sachet, 6d. Cachous, 3d. per box.

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J. Grossmith & Son, Newgate Street, London.

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THE FASHIONABLE DAINTY CAKES FOR AFTERNOON TEA

**Delicate, Light, Attractive,
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FOOT'S PATENT "EUREKA" TRUNK.

The bottom is as accessible as the top. Any article can be instantly removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Ensures perfect order and economises space. No heavy trays to lift. Made in six sizes, with 2, 3, or 4 drawers, which can be divided to suit customers' requirements.

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None realise this more than those who have lost same, yet even these have the chance to regain this much-treasured possession. Beetham's La-rola, the world-famous emollient, acts not only as a skin food, nourishing the delicate tissues, but its use also serves as a tonic and imparts to the skin's surface the velvety smoothness which adds so much to the appearance.

BEETHAMS
La-rola

A regular application will enable the skin to withstand the ravages usually caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, whilst a little added to the bath or washing water renders same delightfully soft and refreshing.
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If any difficulty in obtaining, write
J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD., Toilet Soap Experts (Dept. S.H.),
LONDON, S.E., who will see your wants are supplied locally.



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"I have found your Cod Liver Oil more uniform in character, more uniform in its action, more easily digested than any other Cod Liver Oil."

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Re LADY FLORENCE GRANT, Deceased.

Re MISS FLORENCE ST JOHN.

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The following is an Abbreviated List, showing a few of the very many items with prices. A full description, with beautiful Photographic Illustrations, will be found in **FULL DESCRIPTIVE SALE CATALOGUE (S)**, which is now ready, And will be sent FREE ON APPLICATION.

Those contemplating purchasing Furniture should not fail to inspect this Magnificent Collection. Any article will be sold separately, can be selected at once, and remain Stored Free till required, or will be Packed Free and Delivered Town or Country, or Shipped for Abroad.

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2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Drawers and Trays	£ 5 15 0
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3 Inlaid Sheraton Design Bow-front Chests	2 5 0
4 Single Oak Bedsteads complete	4 10 0
4 Solid Dark Walnut Bedroom Suites	0 17 6
4 Double Walnut Bedsteads to match, complete	5 17 6
3 Pretty French Design White Enamelled Bedroom Suites	1 19 6
3 Single White Enamelled Bedsteads to match	6 15 0
3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites to match, complete	1 7 6
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete	9 15 0
3 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe	12 12 0
3 Handsome Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites	3 15 0
3 Single Sheraton Design Bedsteads, complete to match	6 0 0
2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suites	18 18 0
2 Choice Double Sheraton Bedsteads to match	7 15 0
Elegant Queen Anne Design Bedroom Suite	1 17 6
Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. 2 in. Wardrobe	10 10 0
Pair Sheraton Design Twin Bedsteads to match	2 15 0
Very Choice Unique Real Silver Ash Bedroom Suite, with Silver-plated Fittings	12 10 0
Elegant Silver Ash Bedstead to match, complete	22 10 0
Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite, very fine	4 10 0
Costly Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suite, fitted Revolving Mirrors of very unique design (costly)	19 19 0
Costly Panelled Sheraton Design Bedstead to match	6 10 0
Uncommonly fine Satinwood Bedroom Suite, Inlaid Amboyna and Mother-of-Pearl	32 0 0

DINING AND RECEPTION ROOMS, LIBRARIES, STUDIES, SMOKING and BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all	£ 7 15 0
Heavy Black and Copper Club Fender, Upholstered Morocco Top	3 3 0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Cupboard, 4 ft. wide	8 15 0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settee, 2 ft. 6 in. wide	3 3 0
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide	9 9 0
Elegant Grandfather Clock, chiming on long tubes	18 18 0
Quantity of Framed and Glazed Old Coloured Sporting and other Prints. Fine Collection of old Dutch Marqueterie Inlaid Furniture, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, &c., &c. Would suit Connoisseur.	
The Very Fine Upright Grand Piano-forte, by Adolph Schumann. A Magnificent Instrument	25 0 0
The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts	7 7 0
Valuable Set of Table Crystal Glass, about 100 Pieces	4 15 0
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf	4 10 0
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish	7 15 0
4 ft. wide Dinner Wagon	2 17 6
3 ft. 6 in. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice	12 10 0

Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Silver and Sheffield Plate, &c., &c.

The Massive Solid Fumigated Oak Sideboard, fitted Handsome Glass Back Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate and Cupboard Top	£ 3 15 0
Large Extending Solid Oak Dining Table, with Extra Leaf and Square Tapered Legs	1 10 0
2 Handsome Easy Chairs and 6 smaller ditto, solid, exceptionally well finished, English Oak Frames, Upholstered Real Morocco Leather, complete	2 5 0
Capital Oak Revolving Bookcase	5 5 0
Roll Top Desk, 4 ft. wide, Drawers down each side, Solid Oak, Fitted Automatic Locks	1 17 9
Capital Revolving Office Chair	3 15 0
The Very Fine Antique Design Pierced Brass Fender, on cast Claw Feet	0 17 6
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	1 7 6
Overmantel Fitting, with bevelled mirror, designed to match Sideboard	10 10 0
Dinner Wagon, fitted with cupboards en suite	2 15 0
2 Very Fine Carving Chairs, with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match	5 10 0
Dining Table, extending, with extra leaf, Shaped Legs to match	12 12 0
The Very fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom to match	3 15 0
4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table, fitted Drawers down each side en suite	6 0 0
The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee	6 15 0
Costly Set of Sheraton Design Dining Room Furniture, consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard	5 10 0
Overmantel to match	1 17 6
2 Fine Carving Chairs and 6 Small, choice upholstery in morocco leather	12 15 0
Choice Sheraton Extending Dining Table	5 5 0
Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete	2 10 0
Exceptionally Fine 6 ft. wide Sheraton Design Sideboard	21 0 0

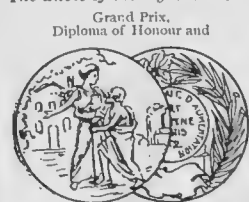
DRAWING-ROOMS.

Costly Chesterfield Suite, comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Broché Silk	£ 25 0 9
Upright Grand Piano, Over-strung. A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 110 Gns.	37 0 0
6 ft. 6 in. wide Amboyna Cabinet, Inlaid with Ivory and Richly Mounted	18 18 0
Fine Amboyna Wood Centre Table to match	18 18 0
Louis XIV. design Ladies' Writing Escripioire, Leather Top	2 17 6
Louis XIV. design Occasional Table	1 15 0
A Very Costly Louis XIV. All-Brass Fender Suite	1 5 0
Carved and Gilt 7-piece Louis XVI. Salon Set, comprising Settee, 2 Easy Chairs, and 4 Small Chairs	14 14 0
Three Carved and Gilt Bergier Chairs	9 8 0
Pair of Valuable Old Carved and Gilt Torchiere	12 10 0
Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top	5 5 0
6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occasional Chairs	4 15 0
Costly Carved and Gilt Graduated Folding Screen, fitted Bevelled Glass and Silk Panels	0 18 6
3 Very Fine Chesterfield Settees, 6 ft. 6 in. long	12 12 0
2 smaller ditto	4 15 0
6 Large Softly Sprung Chesterfield Easy Chairs	2 17 6
4 ditto smaller	2 15 0
4 ditto smaller	1 17 6
Fine Complete Collection of Satin wood Drawing-room Furniture, very beautifully Painted with Medallions of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI., comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escripioire, etc. Impossible to describe. Would suit Connoisseur.	
Boudoir Baby Grand Piano, a magnificent Instrument, as New. Listed Price 125 Gns.	57 15 0
Costly Set of Fine Old English Cut Table Glass, over 100 pieces	7 10 0
A Very Magnificent Large Vernis Martin Cabinet of a design rarely seen. Dealers should inspect. Cost over 100 Gns.	
A Costly Vernis Martin Serpentine Front Commode to match	35 0 0
French Ormolu and real Onyx Clock Set	25 0 0
Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Silver and Sheffield Plate, &c., &c.	7 7 0

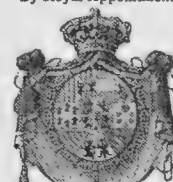
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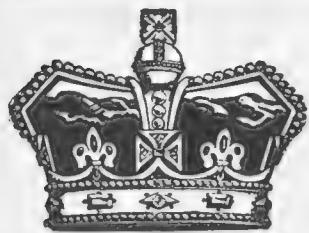


to H.M. the King of Spain.



International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

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Four Crown Whisky



A taste will con-
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of the Age. Try it.

Price 4/- per bottle.

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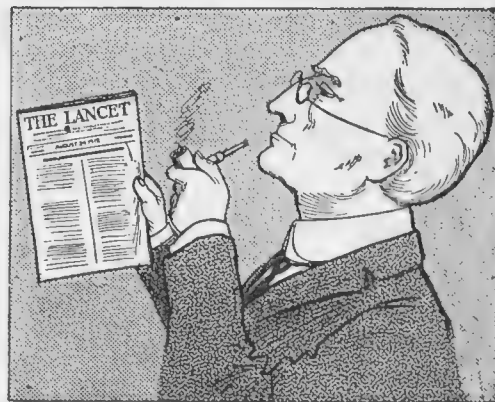


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The doctor's
choice in tobacco
is CRAVEN
Mixture, and he
is supported in
that choice by
the verdict of the
greatest medical
journal in the
world—

"The Lancet,"

which published
on August 24, 1912, an analytical report showing
that of all well-known tobaccos CRAVEN is unmis-
takably the purest and best—the smoke of other well-
known tobaccos yielding **sixteen times as much
nicotine** as that found in CRAVEN. Therefore,
the doctor smokes, and should recommend, CRAVEN
Mixture as the **best for health**.



The purity and sweetness of CRAVEN are due to
the special process possessed only by Carreras, Ltd., and
by which all impurities and crude nicotine are removed.

CRAVEN MIXTURE is the tobacco immortalised by J. M. BARRIE
as "Arcadia" in his famous novel, "My Lady Nicotine," and is on sale all
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In cartridges, or loose in tins, 2oz., 1/3.

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Of all dentifrices PEBECO most safely and
most surely beautifies the teeth—hence
beautifies one's smile. It removes dis-
colouration, restores that admirable pearly
whiteness, neutralizes mouth-acidity,
hardens the gums, deodorises the breath,
and induces a most delightful condition of
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10-day FREE test will help to show.

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10-Day Trial Tube, with
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Large Collapsible Tubes, 1s. Of all Chemists.
Highly endorsed by the Dental and Medical Profession.
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Eliminate Uric Acid.

For Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Lumbago,
there is no finer remedy. By simply dissolv-
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1ST GRAND PRIX DE FRANCE (Dieppe Circuit) **1ST GRAND PRIX DE BELGIQUE** (Ardennes)

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1ST GAILLON HILL-CLIMB

and many more notable speed events.

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at the Motor Show

Continued from page 157.]

One smiles sometimes, even in this dark world of woe.

A gentleman wrote to one of the financial papers saying how greatly he had benefited by the — Exchange, and instancing the saving in commission which he had effected. Now, the last time I had anything to do with this gentleman, he had applied for two or three thousand pounds of some new loan through his brokers. He kept them waiting a day or two for the application-money they had paid for him, and then, in sending it, he said no doubt the brokers would credit him 75 per cent. of the commission they might receive in respect of the application bearing their stamp! The answer of the brokers was short and strictly to the point. If this gentleman is so satisfied, as he professed to be, with the bargains in the —, it struck me that the other people who had dealt with him through the agency of the paper might have had sentiments quite different from his. And what he himself thinks of the percentage of the paper's commission-charges being so greatly magnified I also cannot say, though, remembering his letter already quoted, I can guess.

By the way, speaking of newspapers, I should like to add my own testimony to the appreciation accorded to the Comments on New Issues given in the *Financial Times*. When a newcomer appears, that paper puts into a short, terse paragraph the salient features, and concludes with an expression of opinion, based on the prospectus, which is most useful. So far as I have been able to tell—speaking as a critic, too—the views formed are reliable, honest, and shrewd, and the layman who desires a competent lead as to whether he ought or ought not to apply for a new concern may often draw valuable aid from this useful feature of the paper.

No. I did not sit down to write about markets—except incidentally. What's the use? You want to be a rich man, or a lucky one, to make money in these days of alarms and excursions. To job even in a hundred Canadas is to take unusual risks, and if you make five dollars one way, you're as likely as not to drop ten the next. Let us steer for safety and sound security; for sweet sleep o' nights; for the placid breast instead of the fierce fires of financial fever—that's a very *fortissimo* passage, really—and all will be well with us. If the dividends are safe, what matters whether prices go down? They can be trusted to recover all in good time, and so long as we don't want the money, what matters, I repeat, a fall in the price? But—to buy is human, and to buy more than we've any business to buy is more human still. Spare, therefore, thy flagellating wrath; stay thy hand, uplifted to strike the gambler when his stocks are down, and as the cause of having given access to thoughts more worthy of your noble bosom, thank, oh thank

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

QUICKSILVER. — Neither Tulsa Oil nor Baku Oil can be considered an investment at all. They are only gambles, and not very promising.

G. G. E.; A. J. E.—We have answered you through the post.

BARCLAY.—You are entitled to subscribe for 1 7-8 undivided shares. You will have to fill up a form of renunciation, and you can then sell your right through a broker. It should fetch about a sovereign. You will receive fifteen fully paid £4 shares and fifteen shares—nominally, £16, with £4 paid up—the liability being £12 per share.

QUEENSLAND.—Of your list we like Nos. 2, 3, and 8 best; Nos. 1 and 6 are fair Industrial bonds without special attraction; 5 and 7 are sound, but there are more attractive investments giving the same yield; No. 4 we do not like.

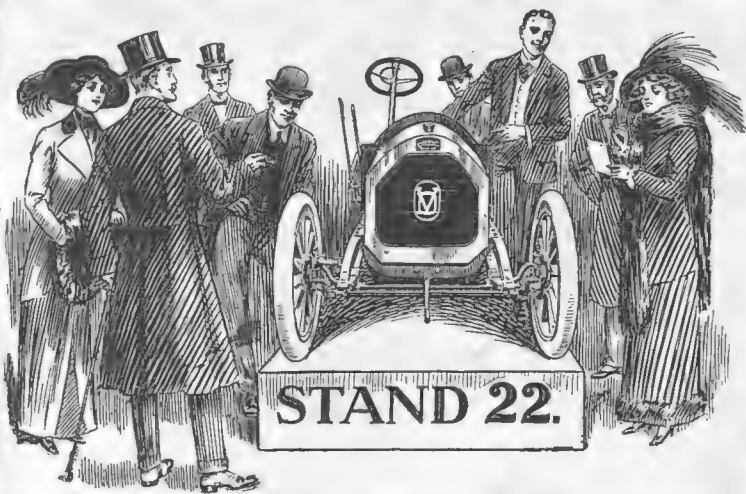
WESTWARD HO!—(1) Developments in the lower levels of the western section have improved the value of the ore-reserves, and an increased dividend this year is probable—certainly hold; (2) Should improve in value, although recent developments have not been quite satisfactory; (3) You will have seen report and read speeches at the meeting. It seems a fair speculation.

CHAPLAIN (India).—We believe the people you name are all right, but there are many investments we should prefer to those you mention. Great Northern Preferred yield about 4½ per cent., as do Grand Trunk First Preference, and both are safe enough.

It is satisfactory to note that the directors of Sanitas, Ltd., have declared the payment of the usual interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the six months ended Sept. 30 last, which will be payable on and after Dec. 2 next. It will be remembered that this Company have paid 7½ per cent. for the last three years.

PERTH (WESTERN AUSTRALIA) ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS. — The provisional agreement for the sale of the Perth Electric Tramways to the Government of Western Australia was confirmed the other day at an extraordinary general meeting of the Company, held at the London Chamber of Commerce, Oxford Court, E.C. Mr. Oliver Wethered was in the chair. The agreement provides for the distribution of the proceeds of the sale by the repayment of paid-up capital on the Preference and Ordinary shares, the allocation of a tenth of the balance as remuneration to the directors, and of the remaining nine-tenths among the holders of the Preference and Ordinary shares. The price to be paid for the property is £475,000. Proxies received in favour of the scheme represented 62,233 Ordinary shares and 82,515 Preference. There was some opposition on the part of Ordinary shareholders, who thought they should receive a larger proportion of the surplus; but an amendment expressing their views was defeated by fifteen votes to four, and the original resolution was carried by eighteen votes to six. Similar results occurred at a separate meeting of Ordinary shareholders, and a vote of thanks to the Board was passed, with special reference to the conductors of the negotiations, Mr. Stoneham and Mr. Wren.

Expert Motorists and Non-driving Owners alike desire, above all things, a reliable, powerful engine, with smooth, silent, easy running.



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. . . For bachelor men, or for the family, there's nothing that brings so much brightness into life as the

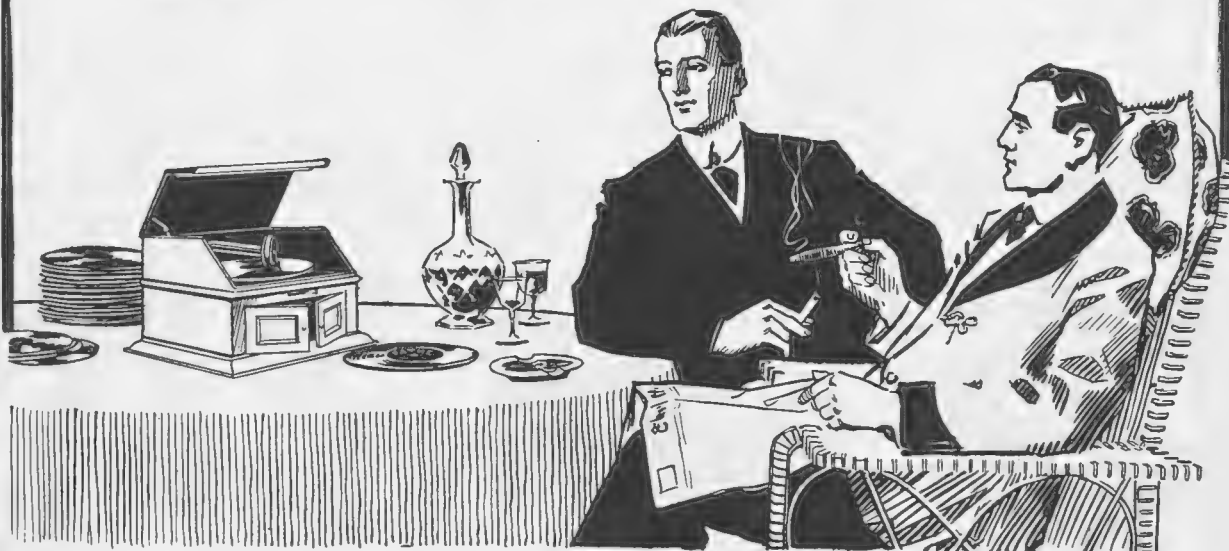
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